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DURING the past week the German Chancellor and the Foreign Ministers of Austria-Hungary and Great Britain and the American Secretary of State have all been delivered of interviews or speeches upon the existing war or the future peace. Of the four utterances that of the American Secretary of State is the most negligible. It was pervaded by the same spirit and expressed in much the same phrases as a British recruiting speech of two years ago; and if cabled to London it will certainly provoke a smile among Englishmen who may have anticipated that American statesmen would bring an intellectual and moral contribution to the problems of the war. In all its direct or inspired utterances the American State Department has only one purpose—the purpose of subordinating the political management of the war to real or supposed military advantage. Instead of laboring to make the American army and our vast military preparations the servant of aggressive American pacific ideals, the State Department is quite satisfied to talk and to behave as if it were the publicity bureau of the War Department. Meanwhile European statesmen are tending in all their latest utterances to get away from a merely bellicose and conquer-or-die manner of speech. A year ago they were hurling twenty centimetre shells of propaganda at one another across the frontier. Now they are trying somewhat to earn citizenship in the same world of discourse. While still much preoccupied with the indispensable task of defying the enemy, they are speaking and writing with the intention and with the effect not of increasing but of diminishing the area of disagreement.

THE interviews or speeches from German, Austrian, Hungarian and British official sources constitute the beginning of a real discussion of the conflicting war aims of the several belligerents. They are still addressed chiefly to the fellow countrymen of the speakers, but they are also addressed at least in part to the enemies of the speakers. They seek to avoid unnecessary provocations and they afford indications of the leavening effect of honest thought. This is particularly true of Mr. Balfour's speech. The German and Austrian utterances talked peace but breathed war. They were making only verbal concessions to peace. Mr. Balfour talked war, but as it seems to us, he breathed something like peace. He is apparently giving earnest consideration to the problem of how the Allies can achieve victory in the absence of a military decision. He uttered no verbal concessions, but he made the substantial concession of thinking about the problems of the war in public. This is the salutary way of carrying on a fruitful international discussion of conflicting war aims—the one way of gradually subordinating the vast accumulation of war material, organization and psychology to political standards and states of mind. If peace is ever to come, and if peace when it comes is to have any tendency towards permanence, an international public opinion based on the candid discussion of real differences of national point of view must be created. It is a slight ray of hope in a period of discouragement that English statesmen should begin the work of recovering a medium of international communication.

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IN Peking General Tuan Chih Jui, Premier of China, is again doing business at the old stand. During the brief period of his absence a Parliament was disbanded and a President ousted by an incidental empire, which slipped and fell before the republican armies. This, apparently, is what happened. The Parliament, influenced by German money, refused to enter the war. The President, Li Yuan Hung, standing with Parliament, the Premier, Tuan, resigned and left the capital. The issue was drawn between Tuan and the military party on the one hand, and Li and the Parliament on the other. Suddenly an ancient and recalcitrant old chieftain, Chang Hsun, who had with his troops lived off the country in a state of semi-independence ever since the downfall of the Manchus, entered Peking and, producing the boy ex-Emperor from the hidden courts of the Forbidden City, placed him on the throne. Parliament vanished. The President was reported to be a refugee in the Japanese Legation. The military leaders then appeared as the champions of republican government and drove, or with a semblance of driving, bought over and eliminated Chang Hsun and his followers. The Emperor, having sounded the hour, retired like the cuckoo on the clock, the President apologized for having held office so long, and the generals assumed control, which they now hold. There have been sporadic outbreaks here and there, chiefly clashes between rival groups of soldiers. The Chinese people apparently have been profoundly unmoved through it all. Their motto is "Business as usual."

COMMANDEERING the ships now building in our yards on foreign account means much more than an increase in American shipping at the cost of other nations. Much of this shipping is being constructed under contracts offering so narrow a margin of profit that speeding up—necessarily an expensive process—is not practicable. When the government takes over the ships under construction, it will doubtless make whatever terms with labor may be necessary to secure complete coöperation of the mechanics now trained in the industry, and to train additional mechanics for the expanded production we shall have as soon as the ways are cleared of the present miscellany of ships. We shall begin to tell in the tonnage field only when each yard is set to producing the standard ship best suited to its facilities. It is now several weeks since General Goethals announced that he was ready to commandeer the shipping in our yards. In consequence of the unfortunate controversy in the shipping board, this first and most vital step in our program has not yet been taken. It can not much longer be delayed. We must have ships. New generalissimos are expected to produce victories, whatever the difficulties, and by the same necessity Messrs. Hurley and Capps are expected to produce ships.

MURMURS are heard with increasing frequency that business is slowing up. For this alleged tendency, still nothing more than a vague uneasiness, the uncertainties of government price regulation are assigned as a cause. Men hesitate to commit themselves to purchases of steel and copper, coal and lumber, when another month may bring decidedly reduced prices. It can't be said that there is nothing in this view. Just now much of our business is adjusted to highly inflated values. Costs have risen greatly and prices of products, at least of those that minister to war needs, have risen in still greater measure. This is a condition that can't last. Sooner or later the prices of products will sink faster than costs and we shall plunge into industrial depression. The higher we rise now the greater will be our fall, and the more quickly will the fall occur. We can not afford depression while the war is on, nor during the reconstruction period immediately following. For this reason, as well as for more compelling social reasons, we ought to look carefully to our price structure. A gradual deflation of prices, effected through judicious pressure upon our industrial leaders, might strike business as unpleasant, but its wholesomeness could hardly be denied.

THE acquittal of Mrs. Rena Mooney, charged with complicity in the San Francisco preparedness parade outrage, will be hailed in radical circles as a labor victory. For this District-Attorney Fickert and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce are chiefly to blame. The outrage itself was merely a common crime and should never have been made an industrial issue at all. Anyone acquainted with the labor situation in San Francisco knows that at the outset responsible labor men were not in the least inclined to make the cause of the accused their own. But the Chamber of Commerce could not resist this opportunity to get something on labor. The town was full of talk of teaching labor a lesson in the punishment of these defendants, treated as representatives of labor. The District Attorney's office, instead of seeking dispassionately to probe every clue to the crime, rested content with a prima facie case against Billings, the Mooneys and Weinberg, and bent every effort to their conviction. In the case of Billings and Mooney the prosecution succeeded; it failed with Mrs. Mooney. The District Attorney naturally advances the time-honored explanation that it is difficult to get a jury to convict a woman. A

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better explanation is that the evidence was shaky, and this implies that the evidence on which Mooney was convicted left much to be desired. The District Attorney went too far in seeking to convict these particular defendants and thus created a presumption that political interests lay behind the prosecution. That is why Mrs. Mooney's acquittal comes to be a labor victory.

SINCE we must have additional revenues, why should we not levy an excise tax upon gasoline? The four million automobiles in the United States are using forty million barrels of gasoline annually. Much of this falls in the class of luxurious consumption. A tax of ten cents a gallon would yield a revenue of one hundred millions, even allowing for an inevitable and desirable curtailment of consumption of about twenty per cent. Joy riders would merely have to abbreviate their tours somewhat if the pressure upon their purses became too heavy. It might be desirable to differentiate in taxation between the use of gasoline for pleasure driving and its use for trucking and other industrial purposes. Such differentiation would not present insuperable obstacles, however. Any inconvenience involved in differentiation would be offset by the great convenience in administering the basal tax. Gasoline production is concentrated in a few hands.

MRS. WILLIAM SUNDAY, wife of Billy Sunday, has lately made a contribution to the interpretation of Genesis. "After Adam and Eve brought sin into the world they knew that their exposed condition was an offense in the sight of God," she says, "and hid themselves from his presence among the trees of the garden. 'Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them,' is written in Genesis. This showed that the Lord's intent was to have human beings clothed from that time forth." Let us hope so, let us try to believe so. Easier of belief, however, is the conventional interpretation, which ascribes to the Lord nothing more than a willingness to assist fallen man, fallen from innocence into a sense of shame, in the work of covering the nakedness to which the Lord had created him. Speaking from memory, and without consulting the Hebrew text, we incline to think there is nothing in Genesis which ascribes to the Lord any disapproval of naked innocence, any condemnation of those who would regain their lost innocence by careful essays in nudity. Nor does Genesis, which says that Adam and Eve put leaves upon their bodies and also hid themselves among the trees, attribute to the Lord either approval or disapproval of this, man's first recorded attempt at camouflage.

INNOVATIONS wrought by the war have already appeared here and there in the industrial organization. The president of the Thompson-Starrett Company has declared that a contract for building an army cantonment on Long Island is the most important ever undertaken by his company—not because it is the largest or the most profitable, but "because it makes us an integral part of the machinery of the United States government." Pride on the part of a great business firm in being made part of the machinery of the government is not a conventional attitude. The Company promises priority to the government, coöperation to the army officers detailed for supervision, and "as happy a life as possible" to its own laborers who do the work. The whole text of the statement is one which could serve as a model for government contractors at this time, and one to which the Thompson-Starrett Company itself should be held.

The Center of Strategy

UPON the democratization of Germany now hangs the chief hope of anything like permanent pacification. Lloyd-George's statement that the Allies could negotiate with a democratic Germany in a more generous and confident spirit is the positive side of Wilson's earlier warning that the peace of the world can never be safe so long as it depends in any great degree on an intriguing dynastic state. The league of nations must eventually be a league of honor between peoples. That is what Lloyd-George meant by emphasizing the quality of victory. The Allies might after years of conflict beat Germany to the ground and slice off her territories on all sides without attaining the object for which they entered the war. An autocratic Germany would always threaten trouble. It would find abundant means to make trouble out of a mass of independent nationalities to the south. The liberalization of Germany, on the other hand, would at one stroke allay the danger of Middle Europe by killing Prussianism at its source. Prussianism cannot be killed in any other way. With every additional day of Russian disaster and submarine destruction the hope of the purely military decision fades. Both the peace which we want, and the peace which, whether we want it or not, we must put up with, is a peace based on democratic consent.

Such a peace is ultimately not beyond the reach of statesmanship. Its possibility is implied in the recent speeches of Lloyd-George and Arthur Balfour. There is in Germany a sincere and powerful element which wants peace as soon as possible, which wants specific assurance that it is not being asked to fight for aggressive purposes, which

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does not trust Prussianism, and demands constitutional reform. This party was increasing in strength until the appointment of Michaelis and his ambiguous speech checked its agitation. By giving an equivocal endorsement to the Reichstag no-annexation no-indemnity resolution, the new Chancellor was enabled for the present to shelve internal reform. By the same token he left the way open for the Pan-Germans to seize control the moment a sufficiently complete collapse of Russia or a more successful issue of the submarine campaign made victory more promising. The Socialists are not deceived, but being a Reichstag minority they can ride to success only on a wave of popular discontent. The assault of democracy on autocracy in Germany has been parried at a critical moment. Its victory has certainly been postponed, and perhaps postponed longer than some member of the Entente can endure the war. The common cause of a League of Honor among nations has suffered a great defeat.

Although the statesmen of the Allies wholly fail to understand what they have done, it is they who are responsible for the defeat of the democratic agitation in Germany. It is they who are enabling Michaelis to put off and deceive the German people by the pretense that the German government is fighting a defensive war. It is their political strategy which constitutes an insurmountable obstacle to the emergence of that liberal Germany upon which, as they admit, their own future safety depends. According to Mr. Balfour Germany must be powerless or free. It was a grave admission, for it condemns the policy of the government which Mr. Balfour represents. The political strategy of the Allies has been calculated to make Germany not free but powerless, and so to justify the official claim that Germany is fighting a defensive war.

Allied strategy in its attempt to create a democratic Germany has until recently proposed to use only one weapon, that of military victory. A decisive victory, followed by Allied annexations and indemnities, would weaken the autocratic party in Germany by puncturing its pretensions. German aggression, say the Allied annexationists, is the result of an inflated ego, the consequence of success in previous wars. It is frank and unashamed. The people will follow it unless it leads to a spectacular defeat. In that case they would repudiate their erring leaders. This is true in so far as it insists upon the necessity of preventing the Germans from winning. German victory would constitute a prodigious, perhaps an irretrievable calamity, the prevention of which is worth all that it is costing. But the strategy of the Allies can prevent Germany from winning without insisting on its losing. Unless they preserve this distinction they forfeit their own great and peculiar advantage over Germany, which is that of being able to win a political without winning a military victory. For the German autocracy it is victory or death. But democracy both in Germany and elsewhere can accomplish its purposes, not indeed in spite of military defeat, but without the necessary aid of military victory.

The reasoning of the "bitter enders" is too simple to fit all the facts. German militarism is in part due, of course, to an inflated ego, but it has been sustained, and has received the support of important sections of the population, such as the Social Democrats, through a fear of foreign aggression. Suppose the United States had had for years as its northern neighbor not Canada, but Imperial Russia, autocratically ruled and in command of several hundred millions of population. Suppose Mexico were a highly civilized and powerful state like France, eager to recapture from us Texas and California. Suppose an island as near to us as Cuba were our greatest commercial rival and had the largest navy in the world. Suppose we had instead of thousands of miles of coast on two oceans, a few hundred miles on one, and a congeries of Balkan States between us and the other. Remember the campaign of fear which American militarists carried on two years ago in favor of immense military preparation. Can anyone doubt that fear would have been ten times as powerful in causing us to make minute and far-reaching preparations for war? Can anyone doubt that our own junkers would have advocated annexations, just as they have already advocated the occupation of all the important strategic points in the Caribbean Sea, as a means of making our future military and economic position more secure?

The analogy is, of course, as unfair as most analogies, but it illustrates what has been happening in Germany. When the war broke out, it was staged as a war of defense, and it was expressly on this basis that the Social Democrats voted for the war budget. The invasion of Belgium and France was explained as a military measure to prevent invasion of Germany. Soon afterwards came an offer to make peace on the status quo ante. Then, the war having been justified in this way, the annexationist movement was boomed as the only practical measure to safeguard Germany in the future. Every time the Allies have made declarations looking towards annexation or partition, and a stifling of German trade after the war, these declarations have been spread throughout Germany and Austria to strengthen the population in its resistance. On this foundation rests whatever support the radicals are still giving to the government. On it rests the possibility of Michaelis's equivocal

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policy. If, now, the Allies should reaffirm these declarations, fearing a liberal peace, they will give the junkers still more ammunition. They will be throwing away the only sound guaranty of permanent pacification on an almost negligible chance of a present military conquest.

The statecraft of the Allies like that of Germany is still based much on exclusive national prestige. It believes in carving up the map, and is doubtful of any advantage which cannot be measured in terms of damage to the enemy. The French government demands, not by popular consent but by historical right, the whole of Alsace-Lorraine, without compromise or investigation. The British government has an eye on German overseas colonies and Mesopotamia. The Italian government seeks the Slav coast of the Adriatic. Rumania must have Bukovina and Transylvania. All the Allies have their particularist ambitions except Russia and the United States, and they all, except probably Great Britain, subordinate the common interest in international security to their own real or supposed special needs. No one of these nations can ask a partner to renounce an ambition without renouncing something itself. Americans, who have a Congress which originates appropriation bills uncontrolled by an executive budget, are familiar with the logic of the situation. It is easier to bunch all demands together, the desirable along with the undesirable, and to reënforce the whole structure with prodigal promises to the dissatisfied everywhere, than to impair a single claim. It is easy to justify the whole mass of annexations by pointing out that the enemy must be weakened, and that the enemy will have to pay the bill. It is easy, because of the desire to use this justification, to discourage any other method of dealing with the enemy. But if, as we believe, the public interest of all the Allies is now opposed to this policy, some means must be found of making the particularist interests of each nation yield to the common interest of them all. A larger strategy must promote the ascendancy of the public interest in general security.

Here is a clear alternative—it may be the crisis of the war. Shall we stand for the imperial or the democratic solution? The exclusively national or the constructively international solution? If the Russian Revolution means anything, if American internationalism means anything, America can make only one answer. Other nations may fight for purposes of prestige; and so long as they do it with their own men and resources, and when they are nations which we love and admire as we do France and Great Britain, we can look on their battles with sympathy. But America has renounced the politics of prestige. She entered the war to promote a solution based on democracy and the common interest. Unless her fighting counts as the weapon of democratic strategy, the war is being waged, so far as she is concerned, under false pretenses. Our pressure must be exerted at its full value in Allied councils for the more effective strategy. It is the one force which can be counted upon to assure a balance in favor of the common cause of general international security.

Let the Allies restate their terms chiefly with one purpose in mind. Let them make it clear to the German people that what the enemies of Germany fear, what really excuses the demand for annexations, is the aggressiveness of an autocratic and military German government. But what is still more important, let them fill out the positive side of this declaration. The Allies as a body should tactfully say—as Lloyd-George has already said in part, but more forcefully and clearly—that if by some means the German government could be made legally responsible to a German parliament or electorate and pledged to the international program, they would not demand forcible annexations or punitive indemnities, but would treat with Germany and her allies as equals, striving for a scientific settlement through negotiation. Such an offer would leave the junkers defenseless, and hasten the new order in Germany. By avoiding it up to now the Allies have immensely weakened its potential effectiveness. If they continue to postpone it until after the Reichstag re-convenes in September it may come too late. But if it comes soon it may still be salutary. It would be based on the most creditable, the most contagious truth in the Allied cause. It would be rejected by Germany so long as the junkers are in power. Yet when it was accepted it would mean the end of the war on the most satisfactory possible basis. If, in spite of it, the Allies were forced to continue and establish military supremacy, the junkers would be finally and irretrievably discredited. Will the statesmen of the Allies dare to put aside such a supreme opportunity?

Justice to Russia

IT is hard to be just to Russia. She appears to be failing us when our need of her is greatest. She seems to have revived in the breasts of the German military party the hope of attaining that monstrous end, a "German peace." Had Russia held firm, the war might have been brought to a victorious conclusion in six months. If the Russians retreat and disperse, the war may be prolonged through years. The western nations will have to pay heavily for the consequences of the mutinous spirit in the Russian army. It is no

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wonder that we should execrate this spirit and everything that aided in its emergence, even the Revolution itself.

But if we look beyond our own national interests and judge Russia dispassionately, we shall find reason to dispense blame with great moderation. We shall remind ourselves that the Russian people have endured ghastly sufferings in the last three years of war. Russian losses in the field have been greater than those of all Russia's allies combined. Russians in prison camps or working as slaves in German mines or fields exceed in numbers all other prisoners of war held by the Central Powers. Of the Russians wounded in battle and returned to the hospitals hundreds of thousands have suffered from infection, tens of thousands have died and other tens of thousands have had to submit to amputations that an adequate medical service would have made unnecessary. The Russian soldier has gone hungry and thirsty, he has faced winter half clad and barefoot. More than any other army, the Russian army has been set impossible tasks, thrust against impregnable positions, forced to pit bayonets against machine guns and shrapnel. It is said that in the recent French offensive certain French regiments refused to leave their trenches because of the inadequacy of artillery preparation for the ordered assault. The French are the bravest and the best disciplined soldiers in the world, but they refuse to be mere material to be used or thrown away according to the whims of generals. The Russians have been treated as very cheap material to be wasted freely.

All this we have known from the outset. And we were complacent about it, as was the Czar and the Russian ruling caste. What if the Germans slew or captured their hundreds of thousands? Russia could trust in her numbers. Caterpillars and locusts have stopped railway trains: would not Russian numbers in the end dull the scythes of the German military machine? Neither the Czar nor his former western admirers paused to consider the units of which Russia's wealth of numbers was composed. They were young men like any others, perhaps a little more naïve, a little fresher in their outlook upon life, a little readier to laugh or to cry out in anguish. They were said to be fatalistic —comforting thought. Dying for the Czar meant to them to go straight to Heaven, so it was said. They were the best soldiers in the world, that is to say, soldiers more than any others ready to take punishment without murmuring.

And so in the first year of the war, while the French and British held their fire and dug themselves in on the Aisne, the Russians swept pell mell into the Masurian swamps to be mowed down at Tannenberg. In the second year of war the British and French still held their line firmly and prepared; the Russian multitudes, inadequately equipped with guns and transportation, thrust themselves into the jaws of Hindenburg on the Carpathian front. Again in the third year of war a splendid offensive was undertaken by Brusiloff, to be frustrated by inferior armies with superior guns. Only a few weeks ago we were rejoicing in Kerensky's new offensive, undertaken, like those of the autocracy, under the theory that numbers are a fair offset to guns. This time the consequences were disastrous. The Russian numbers have awakened. There is no power in Russia that is competent to send them to certain death without displaying before them an object they consider worth dying for.

If our leaders had not been obsessed with the conception of the fatalistic, all-enduring Russian, they would have recognized that the outbreak of the revolution demanded a new diplomacy and a new strategy. It was incumbent upon western statesmen to make it absolutely clear to Russia why the fight that had cost the Russians such unfathomable miseries must still continue. It was incumbent upon western strategists to urge upon the Russian generals the necessity of sparing men wherever possible, until the standards of equipment could be brought up to a level comparable with those of western armies. But our statesmen and strategists have assumed that the Russian republic had inherited the Czar's reasons for fighting, the Czar's methods of computing the value of human flesh. Therefore they along with the Maximalists must shoulder part of the blame for the disaster that threatens the Russian army.

Fortunately Russia has not yet been lost to the Allied cause. Political power in Russia is still held by men who recognize in German victory a deadly menace to all peace and freedom. They may be expected to do their utmost to restore the morale of the Russian army. But this result is not to be attained through charges of treason and cowardice directed against the Russian people.

The Russian Republic is not fighting for national aggrandizement. It has renounced the imperial dream of expansion. It desires peace: that is all it demands of the world. The allies of Russia promise peace, conclusive and lasting, but the formula by which they propose to establish peace still appears to include nothing definite but the defeat of Germany. Are the Allied nations so confident in the peace thus established that they offer a definite proposal for the limitation of armaments after the war? No: England, France, Italy and the United States expect to remain better prepared for war than before. Has any progress been made toward an international organization to make war impossible? No. What is there, then, to convince

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the Russian democracy that the Allied peace formula will really work? But the Russian democracy must be convinced, or Germany will have to be beaten without Russian aid.

To secure a definition of the issues of the war in such a way as to meet the requirements of the Russian democracy is peculiarly the obligation of America. Like Russia, the United States expressly repudiates all purposes of national aggrandizement. Like Russia, the United States desires nothing but a just and lasting peace. America, like Russia, has a democracy capable in the end of overruling the decision of its leaders. Both democracies can be induced to put forth their full energies in the war only if the objects it is sought to win recommend themselves to the plain man as reasonable and just. We believe that the purposes of the democratic majorities in the countries allied with us are free from the taint of aggrandizement. We believe that their liberal leaders are earnestly striving to establish conditions of organized internationalism that will make a permanent peace possible. But it is important that this be made immediately clear to the Russian Republic. Justice to the Russian soldier who is expected to suffer and die demands this. It is also important that the American Republic be assured that the war will not be continued for purely national ends, after the requirements of international peace have become capable of realization. If the Russian débacle has opened the eyes of the statesmen to the necessity of securing democratic validation of their policies, it is far from certain that it will be enumerated among the untoward events of history.

Roosevelt and Baker

SOME time last spring, when Colonel Roosevelt was asking the government's permission to raise a volunteer division for service in France, it became known that he and Secretary Baker were exchanging letters and telegrams. What would the betting have been at that time upon this correspondence? About five to two, perhaps, that its publication would exhibit the best side of neither, and heavier odds against its exhibiting the best side of both. Colonel Roosevelt was addressing a secretary whose official superior he had often attacked, in public and bitterly. Recollection of these criticisms, one would have said, could not very well be absent from the mind of either letter-writer. Nor was it easy to imagine Colonel Roosevelt never remembering, when writing to persuade a Secretary of War, that not so very long ago he was in a position to make his decisions and give his orders, leaving a mere Secretary of War free to execute those orders or to resign. And on Secretary Baker's side, one would have supposed, the temptation would now and then grow irresistible to sound the official note, to drown out his correspondent by pulling out the authoritative stop.

The actual letters, published apparently in full in the Metropolitan Magazine for August, prove that layers of the odds above mentioned would have been all wrong. One begins to read with a fear that Colonel Roosevelt will do as he has done on some other occasions, that the accusation of falsehood, not made in this letter or the next or the next, will nevertheless appear at last. Never was fear more completely disappointed. From the beginning to the end Colonel Roosevelt calls no man a liar. The notion that any one could have been lying to him does not seem to have crossed his mind. His respect for Secretary Baker's office, manifest at the outset, turns into cordiality after Mr. Baker has called on him in Washington, and from that time on his tone never loses its warmth, not even when he is pouncing upon something which Secretary Baker has said and which gives him, as he thinks, a fresh opportunity to drive his argument home. No doubt Colonel Roosevelt is writing under self-restraint, but the effort does not show. He has the air of being unguarded and at ease, writing with the old copiousness and detail, writing to his correspondent in the single hope of changing that correspondent's mind, and not writing for the record.

A similar pleasant unguardedness marks Secretary Baker's letters. Here is no chilly official caution, no uneasiness lest he should commit himself to something, although a warier man might have thought that caution was the great lesson to be learned from a study of some other men's correspondence with Colonel Roosevelt. Secretary Baker expresses his mind frankly when he has made it up, and does not pretend to have made it up before he has in fact done so. He falls into one mistake, when he speaks of the "sentimental value" which might "attach to a representation of the United States in France by a former President of the United States." Colonel Roosevelt fastens on this use of "sentimental" for "moral," and makes a good deal of it, but by no means the most, if we take what he has done on past occasions as a standard. Why not? Probably because Colonel Roosevelt could not help noticing a trait which gives Secretary Baker's letters much of their pleasantness. They are written by a man who is not thinking, who does not have to think, of the official respect due from a Secretary of War to a former President. They are filled with a cordial first-hand awareness of Colonel Roosevelt's general size and significance, with a belief that he is trying

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to do his country what he believes to be a service.

Of course the most ticklish parts of the correspondence are the Colonel's remarks about his war record, and the Secretary's replies. But if the Colonel does praise himself he does so with a special purpose, and with a heartiness which is merely one instance of a general disposition to see the performance of the United States in the war with Spain as several sizes larger than life. Secretary Baker's nearest approach to impatience is when he reminds the Colonel that this record is on file in the War Department. But the Secretary never reaches impatience. Colonel Roosevelt seldom reaches it. Neither shows signs of making an effort to keep impatience under control. Each must have been trying to the other, but of this the letters leave no record. Their correspondence is almost genial, and more than almost creditable to both, an exchange of letters between a man of rather generous nature and a man who cannot believe he will fail to persuade.

The Permanent Food Problem

FIVE factors have to be reckoned with in our war policies about food so far as they are directed to a permanent improvement of the situation and not merely to meeting temporary war emergencies. Two of the most important, land and labor, are so bound up with general social problems that they cannot be isolated as distinctly agricultural questions. Although the war ought to give a great impetus to a consideration of these questions in their larger aspects, it cannot be said that much which is significant has yet occurred. So far as the relation of the better social control of land to the food problem is concerned, the single-taxers are on the job, as usual, but seem to have a monopoly of the agitation. The situation in respect to a far-seeing policy for labor appears almost equally dead intellectually. Of course, the needs of the war with respect to soldiers to be drafted and workers to be left are acute and compel serious consideration. The dangers of relaxing such standards as have been painfully achieved are conspicuous enough to secure active attention. But up to the present it appears to be tacitly assumed that the United States will not face in the future any crisis of unemployment. Or rather, perhaps, it is assumed that it must do so as matter of course, that the crisis must take us unawares and unprepared in the future as in the past, and that it is out of the question to take advantage of the machinery of registration and organization evolved from war necessities to achieve permanent agencies of supervision, publicity and distribution for increasing the mobility of labor to prevent the recurrence of congested unemployment. Perhaps the problems growing out of the efficient return to steady employment of the forces released from army service when peace comes will later compel a foresighted planning which does not as yet show any signs of existence. It certainly will argue badly for our intellectual competency in social matters if the entire war period passes with exclusive preoccupation with the labor problems of the moment. If the time is reached when constructive planning for a more effective and constant distribution of the supply of labor is actively undertaken, it will be found that the relation of farm to factory labor is a problem of constantly increasing intensity.

The other three factors are food storage, transportation and marketing. They are capable, relatively at least, of isolation. In discussions of methods for increasing farm productivity, the question of storage receives little popular attention, and yet it is the key to any successful approach. Everyone hears and wonders about the stories of rotting fruits, ungathered and undug vegetables. Few realize that the explanation is the lack of the farmer's control of carrying facilities, both in capital to hold goods against delayed marketing and in the physical facilities of storage. Consequently the alternative to enormous waste is selling at a price fixed by the seasonal glut, a price which would only add to loss already incurred. So widespread is the lack of elementary knowledge on this subject that many seem to think that the farmer's animus against the middleman is directed against the retail dealer. Of course the middleman whom the farmer has in mind is the speculative intermediary whose control of capital, elevators, warehouses and cold storage plants is such that he forces the farmer to sell at the price fixed by a glut of perishable commodities while he sells to the consumer at a price fixed by persistent need distributed over a long period—this at the best, leaving out of account all the opportunities furnished by the existing mechanism for "carrying" agricultural commodities—Boards of Trade for grain, butter, eggs and vegetables—for artificial manipulations.

Just the rôles to be played respectively by state-aided collective action and by voluntary coöperation cannot be foretold. It is reasonably certain, however, that in many localities private coöperation cannot be obtained without at least a preliminary boost from governmental action, proceeding from township, county or state according to conditions. The producer and shipper in all lines except farming has at his command some economic mechanism which enables him to assume the burden of carrying goods from the beginning of production over the long interval up to sale to the final

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buyer. The improved banking facilities recently legislated into existence for the farmer meet some of the needs as respects the earlier stages of production. But with respect to a recognized mechanism by which to get money while goods are being carried, farming is not yet a business in the modern sense. In addition, no cry of socialism should prevent local authorities from taking the lead, probably with state aid at the outset, in experiments designed to supply to growers at as near cost as is possible adequate facilities for storing, canning and dehydrating products. Aside from the ultimate benefit to both producer and consumer in food supply, the impetus to be derived from these movements to social organization of the elements in our citizenship now most isolated would repay the experiments. As a practical matter, I have seen no reply to the recent inquiry of an upstate farmer: "If our government can furnish storage for whiskey, why not for food?"

Of course the farmer's share in the problem of transportation is far from being an exclusive one. But in spite of Grange and Populist activities of earlier days, the farmer's place in dealing with this question is less established than that of any other element in the industrial population. The farmer is still too unorganized to have either proportionate political influence in the legislature or economic influence in public service commissions. He it is, all too frequently, who finally pays for rate concessions made to more favored shippers. Moreover the farmer is the one most affected for evil by the unstable and semi-piratic character of rates for ocean transportation. He is touched more closely because prices for his staples are fixed in a world market which fluctuates with ocean rates. Before the war, Mr. David Lubin, with a full realization of the disintegrating effect this situation was having upon agricultural industry, proposed an International Commerce Commission to do for ocean carriage of bulk freight what the Interstate Commerce Commission does for stabilizing and making equitable domestic carnage. Is it too much to hope that the recently announced organization of the Allied governments for the regulation of seagoing commerce in wartime will at least provide in future peace times an agency like that contemplated by Mr. Lubin? Or are the needs of war really more important as well as more conspicuously urgent than the requirements of normal peace?

The distribution problem is of course immediately linked up with the question of public markets. Markets which are city built and supervised are not of course absolute novelties, though they are the exception rather than the rule. But even when they exist, there is a popular tendency to isolate the provision of mere buildings and means of public inspection from those conditions which make public markets important. For the marketing question is primarily a question not of establishing certain buildings, but of public control of adequate terminals, both land and water, and of all the facilities that make for an efficient and economic reception and distribution of food. There are also all kinds of opportunities for experiments in municipal trading or municipal socialism. Some of the more advanced farmers are already urging the elimination of private milk companies. As soon as the consumer gets into effective contact with the dairyman there will be a strong demand that the distribution of milk in large cities be made a public monopoly, instead of a trade having all the disadvantages for both producer and consumer of monopolization together with the added waste of competitive methods.

None of these changes can be effected without new administrative organs. The psychology of the public mind in wartime ought to make it easier to overcome the inertia of routine and the active opposition of vested interests which prevent the growth of these organs in normal times. A national food commission is required to meet the immediate crisis. Aside from its indirect and educational effect, however, it is of slight permanent importance compared with the creation of state Food Commissions, with powers of large scope comparable to those of Public Utility Commissions, having powers that will not be restricted to the duration of the war. There is need for revising old agencies as well as for creating new ones. We carry the principle of not letting the right hand know what the left doeth into public activities, where it hardly belongs. Our best developed public organ in food matters at the present time is that of sanitary inspection and regulation. But surely there is something stupid in a complete isolation of health interests from economic interests. Yet this is what now exists, as is evident in the case of the milk supply, and, in quite a sensational manner, in the disorganization revealed when voluntary semi-philanthropic agencies find it possible to save tons of good food from the mass which for sanitary reasons has been condemned in toto. It is probably true that the greater number of administrative agencies which now exist have grown up in response to particular needs. They are overspecialized because of lack of coördination. War needs compel us to see the interdependence of a great variety of social operations. They should also lead us to overhaul our specialized administrative agencies so that they may operate together and not independently of one another. This is the sure preventive of that dry-rot of routine bureaucracy which affords the only sound argument against the extension of

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public administrative agencies. It is in urging and guiding the formation and reorganization of administrative organs which will remain to perform the social functions of peace that wartime affords the social re-maker his best opportunities.

A Substitute for Pensions

PROBABLY within a week there will be submitted to Congress a plan for government war insurance which has been drawn by several agencies of the Council of National Defense, acting through a central committee. The plan is put forward partly as a remedy for the politics in the existing system; but whether or not it succeeds in doing away with the political element in pensions its adoption will be worth while if it gives the soldier some more adequate protection than he has now. The present organization of the system does not satisfactorily take care of separation allowances or of permanent compensation, and along both of these lines the proposed scheme suggests innovations.

Because of our immediate adoption of the principle of selective conscription, the question of separation allowances has less importance here than it had in Canada or in England. If the draft is properly administered its first selection will take no man whose absence creates a dependent family. If a number of calls are made, however, standards will be less discriminating; and aside from the drafted army there are problems enough at the start in the dependents of the three hundred thousand National Guardsmen called into service.

In Canada, where the needs to be satisfied are much like those in this country, the dependent wife is certain to receive a minimum of forty dollars a month, even if she has no children to care for. This income is derived from three sources: fifteen dollars from the soldier, who must assign at least half pay to his family, twenty as a government separation allowance, and five dollars—or more, if there are children—from the non-official Canadian Patriotic Fund. In our own country the dependent wife is less fortunate. She has not had the benefit of pay assigned to her by rule, and there is in our history but one precedent for a separation allowance. A year ago, at the time of the mobilization on the Mexican border, a provision was secured from Congress for payment of not more than fifty dollars a month to families of Guardsmen in need of aid. The law did not become effective until late in August, and it was exclusively a piece of emergency legislation, of no use at the present time.

The plan which is to be submitted to Congress proposes to take responsibility for the dependent family away from chance and private charity, and place it with the government, where it properly rests, particularly with an army raised by conscription. As now planned, the proposal provides first for the compulsory assignment of at least half pay to the dependent family. Since the soldier's pay has just been raised from fifteen to thirty dollars a month this suggestion is not so ironical as it would have been a year ago. It is also proposed that the government unite in itself the other two sources from which relief is extended to the dependent family in Canada: the separation allowance and the grant made by the Canadian Patriotic Fund. From twenty-five to fifty dollars, varying with the size of the family, would be supplied in this manner; and the total income of the dependent wife would accordingly have forty dollars as its minimum. There will be an opportunity for state, municipal and philanthropic action to supplement this amount; but at least there will not be reënacted the discreditable spectacle of a soldier's family seeking charity for its simplest needs. In placing upon the government responsibility for dependents the proposed plan adopts an obviously proper method.

Of larger proportions is the question of what provision is to be made for the injured soldier, at the close of his service, or for the family which his death will leave without protection. Our record in this respect is the result of no clear policy. In many cases we have given more to the soldier who lived through a war than to the wife of the soldier who lost his life in it. Recently the compensation for widows has been shifted to a higher figure; but that shifting is itself a criticism of the present method. Absence of a standard, and dependence upon congressional juggling to supplant it, has led to the use of political pressure and given to the enlisted man the poor psychological attitude of relying upon the goodwill of future Congresses for the protection of the family whose interests he risks for a national purpose.

What is called for is an extension to army and navy service of the principle of workmen's compensation. The government now requires owners of all steam vessels to take out minimum policies of fifteen hundred dollars for each member of a crew sailing from an American port into the submarine zone. It has guaranteed, in an act passed last fall, protection in the case of death of any of its civil employees, and the principle of workmen's compensation has been accepted in more than thirty state legislatures. It is this principle which is proposed in the plan of the National Defense committee. In place of the uncertain recompense that was often secured only by tactics personally humiliating, it is proposed that every soldier be protected by a

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government insurance policy, probably of four thousand dollars. As a direct part of the compensation it is planned that the soldier be entitled to reëducation, if an injury makes impossible the performance of his earlier work. It is also proposed that aside from a fixed minimum, soldiers who desire may purchase additional insurance from the government. This option, more clearly than the establishment of a compulsory minimum, seems to set the government up as an insurance agency, and will no doubt arouse opposition in a Congress which still shies at government ownership of anything save the right to conscript life. In making an allowance of varying standards of living the plan has the advantage of introducing into the system a flexibility which cannot be provided in the granting of a minimum amount of insurance at no expense to the insured.

For the man now entering into military service there is thus provided better protection, both in the emergency of his absence and in case of his death or permanent disability. That the proposed plan will go farther, and drive out the political influence sheltered by the existing system, is not at once so clear. The political problem in pensions is less a result of the present system than of certain misuses which no scheme might succeed in preventing. Political pressure is used to secure increases in one class of pensions or another; but if the Pension Office were to hold final jurisdiction in the matter of decisions, the shifts in rates by classes would not let political considerations play through all the system. It is when a petitioner who has been rejected by the Pension Office comes to his congressman with an implied support at the next election, in return for a special bill to cover his rejected case, that an unscrupulous influence enters into the system. Since the Civil War fifty thousand private pension bills have been put through Congress, some meritorious and others indefensible. There have been more of them in the last eight years than in the previous forty-eight; and though the present session was called for the handling of emergency war legislation, more than four thousand private bills have already been introduced.

Except in committee, there is never an opportunity to examine these measures in even a perfunctory manner. On the last occasion that Congress enacted pension legislation, five hundred and sixty-six bills, lumped in four groups, were put through the House between ten and eleven o'clock at night. One of these bills, granting a thirty dollar a month pension to a Civil War veteran, was introduced by Senator Johnson, of Maine. Evidence showed that the pensioner in this case had once been tried by court martial for robbery, disobedience to orders, drunkenness on duty, deserting his guard, and assault and battery—found guilty on every count, and sentenced to death by gunfire. Mitigation of his sentence to five years at hard labor saved him for a pension whose granting was far from what standards the Pension Office tries to maintain. His is a worse than typical case, but it is illustrative of the uses to which the private pension bill may be put.

The great harm that has been worked by permitting the handling of individual cases—an administrative function—to stray into legislative hands, is the opportunity that has been given for many incompetent congressmen to appear in a false light. Reëlection depends upon an ability to convince constituents that a congressman is in Washington for the purpose of accomplishing something, and certain groups of constituents have been educated to expect in this accomplishment nothing more than the successful pursuit of numerous private pension bills. Take this prop away from those congressmen whose sole reliance it is, and chances of reëlection would soon settle themselves. Quicker than an appeal to local pride in being represented by a delegate with national achievements is an appeal to local interest in not being represented by a delegate with no achievements at all. The taking away of the privilege of introducing private pension bills would bring better men to Congress by marking weaker ones for defeat. Nothing would be more welcome to the abler members than an opportunity to be rid of the task of pension jobbing. The plan that is proposed cannot guarantee that future Congresses will not again resort to the private political bill. But it will, if it is adopted, set a barrier in the way by establishing in advance of every possible claim a stable, accurate and responsible system of protection.

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Prices and Patriotism

PRICES and profits in steel and in other high and narrowly held necessaries are still joy-riding, while the mass of mankind drags itself on its knees from station to station toward its great atonement.

In the year 1913 the United States Steel Corporation, after paying all expenses of operation and of maintenance and of depreciation, and after also paying all interest-charges on bonds and mortgages, still had $81,000,000 for stockholders' profits. Out of this $81,000,000 it paid seven per cent on its preferred stock and five per cent on its common (which once was water) and then still had $30,000,000 for surplus. The year 1913 was therefore a good year, and the sum of $81,000,000 for stockholders' profits was a good sum.

In the year 1916 the sum for stockholders' profits, instead of being $81,000,000, was $271,000,000. The year 1916 was more than a good year. It was a fat year, fat with a great fatness.

The year 1917 is apoplectic. Its market is a diseased market. The prices of the year 1916, when compared with the prices of the year 1913, were high. The prices of the year 1917, when compared with the prices of the year 1916, are monstrous. In the middle of the year 1913 the price of billets at Pittsburgh was $26.50. In the middle of the year 1916 it was $42.00. In the middle of the year 1917 it was $100.00. The rise from 1913 to 1916 was $15.50. The rise from 1916 to 1917 was $58.00.

The billet stage of manufacture is one of the middle stages. The plate-stage is one of the end stages. Plates are supremely important because of their use in cars and ships. In the middle of the year 1913, when billets were $26.50, plates were $33.60. In the middle of the year 1916, when billets were $42.00, plates were $73.00. In the middle of the year 1917, when billets were $100.00, plates were $200.00—and more. That is, the margin between the billet-stage of manufacture and the plate-stage, for cost, and for profit on cost, in 1913 was $7.10, in 1916 was $31.00, and in 1917 was $100.00—and more.

Let us suppose, wildly, that the cost of proceeding from the billet-stage to the plate-stage is twice as great now as it was four years ago. The price of that proceeding, granted by the market, is fourteen times as great.

Such a market does not suggest, for its first remedy, a scientific speedometer manufactured by the Federal Trade Commission after prolonged scientific inquiries into the costs of production. It suggests a Prices Board operating a rough-and-ready commonsense emergency brake. It is manifestly exceeding all speed-limits, economic and social.

There is to-day a shortage of oil, a most serious shortage, for fuel, for the whole world, for the war. New wells must be drilled. They must be drilled by speculators, risking capital. The reports to the Federal Trade Commission show that the digging of new wells is handicapped, discouraged, retarded by doubled, trebled, quadrupled, prices of materials. They show something even worse. The linings of old wells, of wells that singly produce very little but collectively produce a very great deal, are being unprecedently torn out, and valuable established sources of oil are being forever closed in order to get second-hand materials, excavated from the earth, to use in place of prohibitive first-hand materials from the mills for new drilling speculations.

The citizens of Minneapolis, for their annual necessary supply of street-pipes, for which in 1915 they paid $420.00 a unit, are now paying $1284.00. Will anybody pretend that the income of the citizens of Minneapolis, the income of our citizens in general throughout the United States, can possibly be increased to correspond to such increases in prices?

In the year 1913 the United States Steel Corporation paid out, in salaries and wages, to all employees, high and low, $207,000,000. In 1916 it paid out $263,000,000. That is, for every dollar that went to employees in 1913, the amount that went to employees in 1916 was $1.27. But for every dollar that went to stockholders in 1913, for dividends and surplus, the amount that went to stockholders in 1916 was $3.34. Will anybody pretend that the gain for labor was in harmony with the gain for capital? And will anybody pretend that the wage-advances and the salary-advances of the first half of the present year have kept pace, have come anywhere near keeping pace, with a price-market in which, for instance, during the eleven weeks immediately succeeding our declaration of war, the price of billets advanced $25.00—an amount nearly equal to the whole price of billets four years ago?

The present price-market, in the matter of labor, is utterly untenable. Going forward from it, there are just two ways, each in the end impassable.

First, let wages be advanced to correspond with prices. They will then be as fantastic as prices. But prices, in time, will crash. Then wages will

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have to be reduced. They will have to be reduced drastically, beyond parallel, against a resentment and a resistance therefore also beyond parallel. That way ends in enormous strikes.

On the other hand, let wages remain out of harmony with prices. Let the prices of industrial commodities swell the whole cost of living, through swelling the cost of agricultural implements and of everything else, while wages relatively shrink. Let the Food Administration tell the workingman's wife how to spread a pat of butter over a week. Let the Red Cross and the Red Cross's Director of Civilian Relief send her an extra pat of butter now and then to compensate her, while her husband may be sick, for the loss of the earnings of her boy who is in France. This is a revolutionary war. The flag emerging from it is the red flag of the blood of all the peoples and of their hope of a world cleansed and redeemed. One of the profoundest reasons why many professional revolutionists do not like this war is that it is a competitor —and a successful one. It strikes torrents of daring and of change from a rock-face from which their puny hands drew only trickles. In such a moment will labor take domestic science and scientific charity in lieu of an ample and spacious human equity? It is unthinkable. That way ends in industrial convulsions justified but appalling.

The only way out of the present price-market is backward—backward to prices within sanity. But how can that way be built? Certainly not by the individual effort of the individual producer.

If I own a keg of nails, and if all my customers are crazy for nails, as they are, and if one of them offers me $3.20 and the next $3.50 and the next $4.00, it is useless to tell me that the boys in France are dying. The boys in France are dying under concerted binding orders for concerted binding purposes with concerted binding enthusiasms. I am an utterly unbound and unordered individual, competing with numerous other utterly unbound and unordered individuals, each of whom may desert at any moment from the $3.20 price to the $4.00 price, and all of whom I strongly suspect of having already deserted, leaving me to die in my dug-out. There is no moral analogy whatsoever between the civilized solidarity of the battlefield and the suspicious savagery of the market.

Further, besides the competition between the producers, there is the competition between the middlemen. The American Steel and Wire Company, producing nails, has, in fact, been selling nails steadily at $3.20 a keg, while various "independents" have been selling at $4.00. With what results?

First, certain jobbers, getting nails at $3.20, but being able to show that the market had gone to $4.00, have been reselling to retailers at a price based on $4.00. Thereupon the American Steel and Wire Company has been obliged to try, as it were, to police the jobbers to whom it sells and has tried to insist that they resell at a price based on facts plus a sort of standard margin. But then, second, the jobbers who are obliged to buy from "independents" at $4.00, complain, bitterly and justly, that the jobbers who are buying at $3.20 and reselling at $3.20 plus a standard margin are able to take their trade away from them by underbidding them in sales to retailers.

Of what avail is it for senators and representatives to attack such situations with a fire of moral maxims leveled at the "patriotism" of the individual business man? Of what avail is it to try to make out that such situations can be mastered, that prices can be controlled, that the market can be stabilized, by a sort of individual industrial volunteering? Individual industrial volunteering is as absurd, as unjust, as ineffective, as individual military volunteering. Every senator, every representative, who really wants to see consumers protected against oppressive prices of primary commodities, will surely be driven to doing his best to help the administration to devise a competent method of public price-control.

That control, it must be admitted, has two great dangers. One is that it might deprive us of the great increase that we need in output. It might impose the prospect of a loss, instead of the prospect of a profit, on new furnaces and new mills built, as some are now being built, at frantic speed and with all the extravagance that frantic speed to-day means.

At this point, however, Britain reassures us. Some of her experiments in price-fixing have indeed had results most miserable, but her efforts to increase her output of primary commodities of the industrial sort, in the face of price-fixing, have been successful magnificently. Her fixed price for billets is $50.00. Her fixed price for plates for ships is $55.00—a margin of only $5.00. She has fixed prices for all other important steel products. Yet her total output of steel, according to our Iron Age, a most authoritative paper, has advanced during the war from 7,500,000 tons to 10,000,000 tons a year and will next year be 12,000,000—a total gain of 60 per cent.

How has she done it? Partly by promoting new plant-extensions out of her own public purse. Instead of letting prices run wild and trusting to that wildness to tempt manufacturers into speculative new building, she has chosen to keep prices relatively tame and then take a hand herself in the new building needed. She has indicated that wartime state socialism must perhaps, when it goes into the

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negative work of control, go on into the positive work of stimulation.

The second danger is that the fixing of prices might be done, as Britain in certain disastrous instances has done it, and as we ourselves for wheat are now in course of doing it, through bodies quite academic, quite untaught by commercial contact with the mechanisms and the personalities of the market. Here, again, however, Britain gives us a hint—this time surely an immediately compelling one. British prices for steel products are issued by the Ministry of Munitions, the largest and most experienced purchaser in Britain.

Our new War Industries Board, under our Council of National Defense, is our approach to a Ministry of Munitions. It covers, in its "advice" to the War and Navy Departments, the whole field of government purchases for army and navy use. In making its recommendations it is obliged to explore the sources of our primary commodities—coal, steel, copper, lumber—all of them—and it will soon necessarily arrive at a thorough familiarity, a thorough daily practical familiarity, with the quantities produced, the extensions needed, if any, and the prices required. Better than any segregated Prices Board, it will know the market and how to apply the brake to it quickly and yet with sense.

Scientific prices may be revealed to us by the expert accountants of the Federal Trade Commission through their inquiries into costs. Those prices will doubtless have a great ultimate utility but surely their immediate utility will be extremely slight. If they were applied tomorrow morning they would ruin all manufacturers of secondary commodities who happened to be heavily loaded with primary commodities bought at prices at a panic level, and who would be utterly unable to compete with manufacturers buying at prices at a science level. What we need this moment, it is submitted, is a start, a step-by-step start, proceeding on the quite sufficient knowledge already available.

If the legislative branch of the government at Washington resents the "autocracy" of the executive, if it resents it not only with its lips but with its brains, here is its chance to give the executive what it has not yet once given it since the war broke out—a lead. Let it present the executive with a mandate and a properly contrived power to use the War Industries Board—or any other better board, if a better board can be found—for the immediate public arrest of the privately uncontrollable industrial joy-riding which is advancing primary prices far beyond all possible advances by wages or by salaries and which is therefore headed, masterlessly, toward giving us a social war at home in addition to our military war abroad.

WILLIAM HARD.

Literature for Beginners

AS a teacher of English literature I may say that I have been successful. The screams of a maddened past dragged down by the wave of my intelligence no longer haunt me. My classes are large, and yet they are avoided by that type of athlete who mournfully offers up his education upon the altar of his eligibility. In a recent examination, after correctly informing me of the circumstances connected with the death of Shelley, and the introduction by Coleridge of the element of supernaturalism into poetry, a young woman added, "I want to say that I have very much enjoyed your jokes, and I think they have helped me." I could multiply such testimonials, with addresses given upon request. Yet there was one joke in the course which the grateful young consumer of my patent article failed to perceive. That was the joke of the attempt to teach English literature, or any other literature, at all.

Language, of course, may be taught; information about authors may be genteelly distributed. The knowledge that Coleridge is spelled with a C and Kubla with a K is probably worth possessing; though a medical acquaintance of mine who lately at the University Club copied down a suggestion concerning his reading, with those letters in reverse order, showed nevertheless by his request for suggestions that he was more profoundly interested in his own development than are most of my students; his curiosity was at least untainted by the commercialism of "credit toward a degree." I am, furthermore, quite willing to admit that the intensive study of Chaucer or Shakespeare may be made a gateway to knowledge both phonetic and social. But is it not a back gateway? Does the value of Chaucer for the ordinary undergraduate really lie in the form of his verbs? Does the realization that Wordsworth was profoundly affected by the French Revolution really afford the young person keener delight in Tintern Abbey? Since Professor Harper's recent evidence that the great preacher of the domestic virtues had an illegitimate daughter, we have all hastened to revise our courses. I wonder why? Does the dimming of the hearth-fire affect the light that never was on sea or land?

"Good" reading or "practical" reading is not the question. I cannot find myself in sympathy with my firm-fibered colleagues in the "colleges of education" who would replace Milton in the English classroom by the Scientific American. I admire the catholicity of an imagination which can be stimulated by the contemplation of a patent churn, but I cannot myself either develop it or believe that my young barbarians possess it. There

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lies for me, and I think for them, more wonder in " the gorgeous palaces, the cloud-capp'd towers " of Prospero than in the cross-section drawing of the foundations of an office-building, no matter how accurately sketched. Winds that blow to me from the field of sleep are rather stilled than stirred by a discussion of the latest model of electric fan. No, I am quite unshakable in my conviction that good literature exists, that contact with it tends to rouse the best in anyone, that no adequate substitute for the real article has ever yet been put upon the market. But as for teaching it, assigning essays on it, holding examinations in it, giving college credit for perusal of it—that is another story, and a dull one.

I think I know the accepted technique. Easiest of all is the interpretative. Herein I read, in a strong yet sympathetic voice, my favorite passages; commenting meanwhile as my spirit moves. For women's clubs the system of interpretative teaching is practically perfect; requiring, as it does, no effort of thought upon the part of either the reader or the hearer. But no conscientious teacher of my generation is content to let his students off without at least a modicum of that drudgery which " molds the character." Many of us resort therefore to the intensive method, which goes over phrase by phrase, comma indeed by comma, passages assigned. " Scene, a blasted heath." Mr. Anderson, what is a heath? Derivation of the word heath? interesting connection of heath with heathen? heath used where else in our author? Mr. Anderson, to do him justice, usually knows; foolish virgin did he not, all the oil necessary for the lamp of understanding being readily skimmed from the " notes." The instructor, however, if zealous, is not content with the edited copy in his hands, but gathers together and pins down upon the margin of the pages more and more specimens of literary entomology, the bugs of fact, the butterflies of theory; year by year as he repeats the course this strange collection grows, until at last he stands upon the dizzy pinnacle of achievement —a line a day, if he should choose, " and no time wasted." Of the Miltonic phrase, " two-handed engine at the door," there are now some nine suggested explanations, involving social, political and ecclesiastical distinctions. Mr. Anderson may be required to discuss them all. The constructions and allusions in a single poem of Browning's may be made to puzzle a whole class for a week. Could life be simpler?

And there are other methods; the historical, a sort of alley-entrance to everything else, along which the reader of Coleridge sneaks up on German philosophy; or of Tennyson, on the theory of evolution. Combine this method with the study of the writer's environment, and it merges into the scientific; the author becomes a specimen, and his writings a sort of excretion, useful for purposes of analysis. This plan gives the student training doubtless very valuable; but principally in biology. The ethical method also is not unknown to me, in accordance with which one searches out the moral of Hamlet—" Look before you leap," I heard it given once, in a class in a famous experimental school. " The ideals of this essay," wrote a student concerning Swift's Modest Proposal, " are very low, for it inculcates the principles of cannibalism, from which we of to-day recoil. Its organization is, however, very good."

Why cannot literature be taught? Why can you not teach a person how to fall in love, or have the measles? Expose him, and if he be susceptible, the trick is done, and you may wisely call in the parson or the doctor, as the case may be. But no amount of lecturing will improve or hasten the matter. I have analyzed with loving care the dark beauty of Shelley's maiden spirit, and found no man among forty willing even to acknowledge the introduction later; I have paraded the sturdy English virtues of Tom Jones before damsels whose economic dependence, and need to be supported in literature, was all too evident, and they have turned up their noses at him as not in our set. And then suddenly I have discovered the oddest matings—the two-mile runner eloping with Jane Austen, to whom he had never even been formally presented, and a former preceptress of mathematics, with hock-bottle shoulders, dizzily delighted by the rough wooing of George Borrow, whom she had met by chance in the stacks. I myself, in college, went to almost infinite lengths to avoid reading Carlyle and Ruskin and Arnold, because they were prescribed; and in the subsequent vacation, marooned at a house-party on a rainy Sunday afternoon, encountered William Hazlitt—my God, it was all over! Afterwards I dipped into Arnold and Ruskin and Carlyle to see whether they wrote like Hazlitt; finding they did not, I left them to their fate. I have discovered virtue in them since, I hasten to add, lest I be thought ignorant of " the pure gold of nineteenth century literature."

But if the teaching of literature, unlike the teaching of composition, serve no particular end so far as the students are concerned, what a source of unalloyed enjoyment it remains to the instructor! There perhaps lies the real joke, or if another phrasing be preferred, the real reason for continuing such courses. Not so, no doubt, if the instructor be temperamental, thin-skinned, excitable; if it annoys him to be told that " In Memoriam is about a friend of Tennyson's. He was engaged to his sister, but drowned himself, and

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Tennyson wrote this poem to celebrate his death," or that " George Eliot's real name was Mary Ann. She did not believe in God, and wrote many novels to prove this." Not so, again, if he rebel against the realization that few of his pupils ever distinguish, in spite of his best efforts, between fact and opinion, and if he be horrified to discover in the examination-papers, that his heretical theses boldly nailed to the very door of the cathedral, are reported placidly as laws of the church. But if such things trouble him not? Then he not only moves of necessity in the very highest society, but it is his responsibility to fit himself for such association. He stands always before kings; yet he may not be servile; he is false to his trust if he does not keep an open mind. He is a herald, but an interpreter also; and he moves from court to court rejoicing, admiring, and comparing. That is his business, which others must snatch moments to enjoy. Surely in the whole stage-full of parts which life offers to actors of an unadventurous disposition, only the artist, the creator, plays a rôle more wonderful and shining than that of the humble supernumerary, the teacher of literature.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

The Shaping of English Parties

IT is the general belief in England that the distant day when peace returns will plunge us all into intense political activity. Even Conservatives assume that we shall at once set to work to " reconstruct " everything from tariffs to agriculture. Socialists look forward to quasi-revolutionary change, and see " the men from the trenches " leading a victorious charge against all the wire-entanglements of privilege. I am not sure whether this prediction is better founded than the prophecy which led us all in the early weeks of the war to expect a time of poverty and hardship. The men from the trenches will think a return to their firesides in itself a social revolution. I see them pruning their roses and going back to cricket with a new zest, and many of them will have to start life afresh and build up their fortunes from the foundations. Men who have faced death and escaped may think they have made sacrifices enough for one lifetime to public duty, and Society, which has thought it a hardship to see racing reduced, will plunge headlong into gaiety. There may be a tendency for a time to leave politics to the professionals, and reconstruction to the bureaucrats.

This, however, is not the general expectation: the world expects change, and even the politician, who normally lives in the moment, is adjusting his mind to it. Few of us expect that parties will survive in their present shape, and most of us would be disappointed if the next House of Commons resembled the inert and exhausted chamber which keeps a sleepy vigil during war. It has just rejected proportional representation by a small majority, as though the enfranchisement of women were innovation enough for one Reform bill. In this decision the instinct of self-preservation of our traditional politics powerfully asserted itself. Proportionalism would have hastened the break-up of the two-party system, lamed the power of the machine-politician, and fostered the formation of new independent groups.

Even in its truncated form, however, the Reform bill will do something to disturb our political habits. It doubles the electorate, by admitting women and simplifying the qualification for men, and this means that the intensive culture of the voter by electorate organization on which the old electioneer relied will become more difficult. The Labor party will gain through the reduction of the costs of election, and Liberalism will be a little less dependent than it was upon the rich candidate and the interested subscriber. Finally, the transferable vote will make it much easier for a third party to intrude with success between the two governing parties, and for independent groups to run a candidate against the caucus. It will achieve, much more simply, what the second ballot accomplishes on the Continent. Hitherto the gravest obstacle to a Labor candidate or to any independent, was that he could always be accused of " splitting the progressive vote " or " letting the Tory in." For want of the second ballot labor made its way in politics far more slowly than in continental countries, and the older parties kept up an artificial discipline. The choice of the voter will be less impeded in the next English election.

The new outlook for English parties turns mainly on the answers to two questions. Will Mr. Lloyd-George return to the Liberal party, and eventually lead it, or will he form an independent " National party " of his own? Will the Labor party patch up its present dissensions, or will its more active Socialist element secede and gather kindred radical elements to itself? The two questions are closely connected. If Mr. George does return to the Liberal front bench, the advanced

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anti-imperialist radicals will be less disposed than ever to remain in the party. If, on the other hand, he sets up for himself, he will attract the more official Labor leaders into his new "National" group. For the moment Mr. George is a homeless figure, poised on a dizzy and isolated eminence. The Tory party seems to draw away from him. His satellites try, with no marked sucess, to heal his breach with official Liberalism. It does not visibly close. The sharp personal resentments persist under a decorous public truce. The Nation and the Daily News write of him with cold and wounding criticism. Nonconformity distrusts him, and the feeling of the younger working men in such industrial centers as the Clyde is one of implacable hostility. If he comes back, he will split Liberalism, and if he remains outside, he will also split it.

In neither event can Liberalism survive the war unchanged, but while the riddle of Mr. George is unsolved, its future escapes prediction. Under its present chiefs it is not visibly moving or adjusting itself. Since they left the Coalition, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues have effaced themselves. They have said nothing to contribute to an earlier end of the war by negotiation, nor even to advance the idea of internationalism after the war. How much of their free trade opinions they retain, in spite of their adoption of the Paris Resolutions, is a mystery, nor do they seem to be thinking out an industrial program. They are unemployed leaders, and the radicals who are thinking actively have no clue to their future conduct. The chances are on the whole that the Liberal front bench will in the end make terms with Mr. George, and adopt something of his "nationalism," which means that stress will be laid rather on Imperial Federation than on any international League of Nations, that in some form we shall adopt trading preferences though rather as subsidies than as a tariff, and that the inevitable extension of the activities in the state in all directions will be favorable to powerful agglomerations of capital, and will entail an immense extension of bureaucracy. That is not a natural policy for Liberalism, and if Liberalism has learnt no other lesson from the war, its fate will be to suffer secessions and decline. It will, of course, continue to profess its faith in the forms of political democracy. But this vast social mechanism, tending continually to closer organization, eludes the control of political democracy. Parliament has dropped the levers, and the voter is as helpless as his representative. It is within the economic system itself that democracy must contrive to establish its control.

The fate of the English Labor and Socialist party depends, I believe, on its ability to invent and popularize a form of democratic control more penetrating and pervasive than any purely political machinery can provide. This party is more obviously impelled to reconstruction than Liberalism, and cannot postpone it much longer. Its present structure was the creation primarily of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and the Socialist wing, and it has disappointed their hopes. By federating the trade unions in a political party, they acquired numbers and funds. They expected to supply the ideas and the leadership. What happened in fact was that the trade unions invariably chose as their candidates for Parliament and as their spokesmen in the councils of the party, their own officials. These men, mostly elderly, usually overworked, are by training administrators rather than politicians. They have risen by their ability to conduct the business of the unions, which are benefit societies as well as industrial combinations. It is rare to find among them either education or magnetism or the ability to think politically. Before the war the Socialist leaders maintained a precarious ascendancy by reason of their better intellectual equipment, but the war has undone their work. Official labor has obtained offices and salaried posts, but it has ceased to be an independent force in politics. It broke away from its Socialist leaders, and without them it has dropped tamely into the wake of the government of the day. The trade-unionist basis of the English Labor party differentiated it sharply from the continental Socialist parties. It attracted few educated adherents, for they could rarely find a place in it for work and leadership, and its intellectual life and standing, alike in Parliament and the press, suffered in consequence.

It is probable that the active, conscious Socialist element will break away from this oddly constituted Labor party. Its pacifism made the original break, and the Russian Revolution came to it at a moment of dejection and helplessness with an immense stimulus. It began to hold mass meetings to celebrate the revolution. The immense success of these gatherings revealed to it the great volume of popular discontent, and everywhere crowds applauded the argument that our conditions call for quasi-revolutionary action. Out of these meetings sprang suddenly an improvised convention, drawn from all parts of the country, which met at Leeds and resolved to set up Workmen's Councils in the Russian model. The imitative aspect of this movement is a weakness. Its revolutionary language sometimes suggests a failure to perceive the difference of longitude between England and Russia. None the less it is organizing. It is thinking out a program. It has life, and ability and courage. It is the only vital stirring in our stifling wartime atmosphere.

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This movement aims at an effect more permanent than its immediate task of popularizing the Russian conception of a democratic peace. Its leaders are thinking out a social program, and the effort has revealed the rapid evolution during war of socialistic thought. Before the war "guild socialism" was a heresy. To-day it is the manifest line of advance. The workers themselves have reached its position instinctively as a result of the experience of wartime. Their struggle during the war in the "controlled" munition and shipbuilding works ranged them less often against the private capitalist than against the bureaucracy. They felt the paralyzing despotism of an unqualified state socialism. Abandoned by their own orthodox labor leaders, who were either comfortably installed in official posts, or else, disarmed by the Defense of the Realm act which forbade strikes, they turned to their elected "shop-stewards" for leadership. It was easy for speculation to build upon this experience and to sketch a future structure for industry, in which, while the state may own the means of production, the producers themselves will form an autonomous guild, and control their own conditions of work. To the workers in the innumerable industries which the state has temporarily taken over during this war, Utopia readily shapes itself in this form. The Socialist leaders are themselves moving in this direction.

The great interest of guild socialism lies, however, in this, that it may serve as a bridge for the more open-minded of the younger Radicals. These men were rarely hostile to the ideal side of socialism. They had no obsolete illusions about the competitive system, and on every issue of the day they were ranged against capitalism. If, none the less, they remained Liberals, the reason was partly that there was no obvious place for them in the class-organization of the English Labor party, and partly that they dreaded the inelastic, mechanical bureaucratic organization of the socialist state. They, in their turn, are beginning to see in guild socialism means of reconciling the autonomy and initiative of the producer with the ownership of the whole community. It is conceivable that if the new Socialist movement, which made its start at the Leeds Convention, can elaborate a sober constructive policy, it may rally to itself a considerable body of Radicals and intellectuals. There will be at the least a favorable atmosphere for its proposals. It will be able to compel attention and secure discussion. The problem is no longer academic. The state actually controls most of our greater industries, railways, mines, breweries, metallurgical and chemical works. Whether control shall presently pass into ownership, and what the status of the actual producers shall then be, is the practical issue of the day after tomorrow. The official Labor party has neither leaders nor ideas. The official Liberal party has leaders without ideas. A coalition between the Socialists from the former camp and the Radicals from the other is by no means impossible. There are in the logic and morals of our political situation unanswerable arguments for an insurgent movement. It is, however, precisely such reasons that an English inertia knows how to answer.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

At Flavigny

THE brigadier and I were standing on the stone bridge that strides across the Moselle with five flat-footed arches near the little village of Flavigny in Lorraine. The leaves of the forests had ripened from dull green to russet in the first fall frosts, and the golden fingers of sunset laid crowns upon the hilltops. The valley was peace itself. Even the gray blue of uniforms of stray groups of poilus seemed to melt into the evening mists that rose from the river. The division was resting at Flavigny after two red weeks near Verdun.

The brigadier is a man of fifty—a true French type, small, with a strong aquiline nose, and crisp brown beard and mustache. In civil life he had been an exporter of ivory and other African products, with a large business in Paris built up as a result of hard years spent in the Colonies. At the outbreak of the war he was living again in France with his family, happy in the prospect of spending the latter period of his life in the circumstances for which he had labored all through his youth. He could undoubtedly have found some soft administrative berth, but he chose the field and was made quartermaster of a motor section.

This man of big affairs could not have attended more faithfully to his duties had he held a cabinet position. Every morning at seven o'clock he cranked his camionette and travelled from camp to the nearest supply depot, which at the front is always a favorite morning target for the long-range Boche guns. Upon his own back he carried the provisions from the bins to the trucks, returning in time for breakfast. At ten o'clock one would see him with a bucket and sponge and a great pair of sabots washing his mud-spattered car. And until late every night he labored on the elaborate French system of accounts and reports. Three years of this, day after day, and his business gone beyond repair, yet never a word of complaint; never a sign of doubt but that this was the work for which he had been born. . . .

Downstream were two soldiers strolling on the

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river bank where it swept out in a gentle curve and made a little cove of slackwater. One of them took something from his pocket and approached the edge of the river. The other, who carried a long-handled net, stationed himself behind a tree. The man by the water was a whiskered territorial; he threw something into the river and I heard him shout "Attention, Fritz!" and he ran back to the tree. They were both laughing. A moment later there was a muffled report and a great shower of water.

"Coquins!" grunted my companion, "les grenades sont défendues."

When the ruffled water had calmed, the white bellies of dead fish began to spot the surface of the little cove. The comrade with the net ran out and deftly began to gather them in while the other kept a sharp lookout for promenading officers. They exchanged jokes and laughter like truant schoolboys—these mustachioed veterans of forty-five years.

It set me thinking of something I had often heard.

"Do you believe it is true," I asked the brigadier, "that war spoils men for civil life—that they can never be contented with their old occupations?"

He lit his old blackened briar, squinted his eyes, and tamped down the swelling flakes with a toughened forefinger as they took the flame.

"And who," said he, "ever was content with his occupation?"

I reflected. I myself had not been, or I never should have come to France. I harked back to some of my friends in New York. There was Horne, the broker, who would talk to me about nothing but the emptiness of the metropolis and the delights of hog-raising on a ranch that he owned in Idaho. There was Cubberly the architect, who when I said goodbye to him had spoken regretfully of his professional obligations, and almost so of his wife and two children. And there was Delmar, who sold motors, and thought himself born to be an aviator. I had often wondered how general might be the complaint.

I put it another way.

"If you found yourself, after the war, with no obligations—if you were free to do as you chose, what profession would you take up?"

The question seemed to interest him, for his eyes twinkled as he went on puffing his pipe. Finally he said in a low voice, as though to himself, "Après la guerre!" and sighed.

One does not begin to appreciate what war means until he has heard a Frenchman let slip those three little words—"Après la guerre."

"If I should tell you," he said finally, "you would have a hearty laugh."

"Tell me," I urged.

"I wish," said he, after a moment's hesitation, "that I might take you into the playroom of my children."

"And I too——" I stammered.

"My friends tell me that I spoil the little ones. Perhaps I do, but I think not. The playroom is filled with toys. German toys, African toys, Swiss toys, toys that we have made ourselves. No matter where I go I have always found some new and original plaything. Some of them I have invented myself. I have a little atelier and I amuse myself there in the evenings, after les petits have been put to bed. Une bêtise, hein?"

"Not—particularly," I replied.

"One of the most interesting and delightful experiences of my life has been to watch my children grow up with their toys. One sees the tastes develop. One sees the imagination awakening. One beholds the little characters shape themselves. One half of their education, I believe, has been acquired in that playroom through toys. It is a science, mon vieux, a science, and so few parents conceive of its importance. We have left it, like so many other sciences, to the Germans. Take, par exemple, the little matter of the care of toys. How many children are permitted to leave them about for a maid to pick up—if they are picked up at all. There one sows the seeds of a slovenly disposition. My children must put away their toys as carefully as if there were not another toy in the world. It forms a habit, does it not?"

"True enough, I imagine," was my cautious bachelor comment. "But this flair of yours—it is engrossing enough to become a life work?"

"I believe so—sometimes . . ." mused the brigadier. "Perhaps I am more of a child than my children. But I have made the plans. I believe that I could make money . . ."

"I know of wealthy toy makers," I hazarded.

"I would open a shop," went on my friend, "the most marvelous toy shop in the world. It would be in a large cave, and the entrances by narrow steps or winding ramps. I would call it by some odd name—la Caverne d'Alladin, par example. The ornamentation would be bizarre—everything in miniature. There would be no shelves or counters.

"The mechanical railroads would be set in Lilliputian country sides. The dolls would be displayed in little rooms posed at tea-tables. Alcoves and recesses would contain the novelties and mechanical wonders, all in operation. You have my idea? Children would not think of it as a toy shop. They would be entering into a fairy tale. My sales girls would be in simple peasant costume. In one alcove a prestidigitateur would be playing his tricks. . . . You think that the strain of war has weakened my mind?" he asked suddenly.

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"I think you have wasted your life as the head of an exporting house," I replied.

"There must be one thing," he mused, "that every man can do a trifle better than anyone else in the world—if he could only determine what it is, and devote his life to it. I shall never be a great man of affairs—but I believe that I might be the greatest merchant of toys—mais assez. . . . You have heard? Next week—la Somme."

CHARLES LAW WATKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE

We Are Defended

SIR: Your issue of July 21st prints a letter from Mr. Wm. Y. Ward complaining that Mr. Hard's article on Unity at Washington was in bad taste, whether true or not. I take hearty exception to both the spirit and language of that letter. What makes The New Republic both rare and invaluable just now is that it *tells all the truth* and neither flatters the state-policy of the moment nor tickles "mass-opinion."

Since the United States entered the war The New Republic has published nothing on that subject which was not calculated either to promote efficiency in the conduct of the war or to shorten its duration by the only sane method, namely, a weakening of German morale through the adoption of moderate peace terms by all the Allies. If this is "manipulating propaganda," then for the sake of western civilization keep it up!

The ostrich attitude toward truth is helpful neither in war nor peace. If it comforts the gentleman from Ivanhoe to hold his head in the sand, that of course is his privilege—especially in wartime. But let him not rebuke or threaten those who prefer daylight.

FRANK F. ANDERSON.

New York City.

The Constitution on Conscription

SIR: I have carefully read every issue of The New Republic since the publication of Prof. Dunning's article, The War Power of the President, in the May 19th issue, expecting a correction of his statement that "Drafting to fill the quotas of states where volunteers no longer responded was resorted to in the summer of 1862," etc.

The regiment to which I belonged was mustered into the service of the United States Aug. 25th, 1862, and new regiments of volunteers from all of the states, including New York, where the draft riots occurred, joined the army in 1862 and 1863 to my personal knowledge. It was late in the summer of 1863, at Warrenton Junction, Virginia, that I witnessed the entraining of troops for New York City to suppress the draft riots. Can it be that it took nearly or quite a year for the conscription law to evoke riots, the law being "selective" of those who were too poor to pay $300 for exemption? Dr. S. Weir Mitchell says in Westways, "The unpopular conscription act in February, 1863, . . . disheartened the most hopeful."

Moreover, if a layman may claim to be able to understand plain English, the civil war draft was authorized by the Constitution, but the conscription law, lately passed, is not. There are only three cases where the Congress has authority to call the militia into the service of the federal government. Article I, Section VIII, says: "The Congress shall have power" . . . 15. "To provide for calling for the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasion." The southern states were in a condition of insurrection, and the draft law of 1863 was constitutional. Under which head does the Congress get its power to conscript for foreign service? Does Prof. Dunning consider the Constitution "a scrap of paper," or is he simply regardless of facts and fundamental law?

G. W. HOPPING.

Kaweah, California.

American Terrorism

SIR: "The Socialists' signs on the outside of the building were torn down and thrown into the street, all the copies of the Socialist paper published in that building that could be found were hurled out of the windows. Quantities of small flags, cans and other paraphernalia were tossed into the street, piled into a heap and burned."

I would ask:

Where did the events above noted happen? In Russia? No. In Germany? No. They happened in the country that says it is fighting "to make the world safe for democracy"——in the streets of that famous old liberty town of Boston—that it, it was a liberty town over a hundred years ago, but things have moved swiftly since then.

What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?

What shall it profit a nation if it makes democracy for the whole world, and loses its own?

Did any of the big dailies speak editorially as if the above events were at all undemocratic, unlawful, or unjust? Not so one could notice it.

Have we anything left of the freedom for which our fathers (not the young boys only) fought one hundred and twenty-five years ago? Yes; one thing—the vote, and we are going to use that vote to try to win our liberty back again. We are daily watching "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" slipping away from us, that is, from the people. What for? "To make the world safe for democracy"—for other people—for other countries. We Americans will soon be emigrating to Russia to escape from the same conditions that Russians used to come to America to escape from.

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

New York City.

Mr. Ervine Saw the Rebellion

SIR: Your critic, in his able review of my novel, Changing Winds, has, unintentionally, I am sure, done me an injustice when he states that I have obviously taken the description of the Dublin Rebellion from my friend, Mr. James Stephens's book on that subject. It happens that this is the only book by Mr. Stephens which I have not read. It happens also that I have not described anything about the rebellion in Changing Winds of which I was not actually a witness. I was, indeed, because of the situation of my residence, in a better position to see many of the events of the Rebellion than Mr. Stephens was. The matter is a small one, but I do not wish anyone to think that I have stolen another man's work and made no acknowledgment of my theft.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Scotland.

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At the Capitol

Defining War Aims

BETWEEN the estimated expenditures of the government for this fiscal year and the estimated receipts there is a balance of seven billion dollars to be raised, somehow, by legislation enacted in the present session of Congress. The new estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury demand of Congress a bold choice of policy as well as the assumption of an extraordinary responsibility.

Although the character of the war which a nation wages is settled by the appropriations made for it, there has been almost no discussion in Congress of the purposes to which the expenditures already authorized are to be put. In the Chambre des Deputés, and in Parliament, discussion of war aims has been alive since the beginning of hostilities, and never far separate from discussion of war appropriations. But in Congress there have until the past week been less than a dozen references to the purposes of the war—since the debate on the war resolution itself. On April 17th Senator Sherman introduced a resolution binding the United States to make no separate peace, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations and completely forgotten. A month later, Senator Kenyon submitted a resolution expressing the Senate's insistence upon an ultimately independent Bohemia, which was also referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and also completely forgotten. Then, in an unplanned speech to which he was provoked by a partisan discussion, on June 8th, Senator Harding asserted that talk of fighting to force democracy upon the world was "mere balderdash." Finally, four or five weeks later, Senator Stone declared that it was "still within our power to bring about world peace without further serious loss of blood or treasure." Aside from a few rhetorical generalities about Huns and the Emperor, used chiefly to emphasize the need of immediately passing a good-sized Rivers and Harbors bill, these were the principal attempts at an interpretation of war aims, until Mr. McAdoo's supplementary estimates reached Congress.

This absence of consideration of policy has of course influenced the attitude of Congress toward the Allies. At the time of the declaration of war among members who took part in the debate favored what they called "an American war," rather than a war waged coöperatively. Accordingly, with no discussion of American and Allied war purposes, there is in Congress only the appreciation of an elementary sort of partnership. On occasions there have been incidents more or less embarrassing, such as Senator King's declaration that the British ambassador's interest in the Portland harbor was "an impertinence," and Mr. Vardaman's rejoicing in the "independence and patriotic courage" of the Canadians who were fighting conscription. The customary attitude, however, has been a passive one. Occasionally some member of Congress has paid the Allies a conventional tribute; more often there have been comments slyly discrediting. Senator Sherman made the railway priority bill an occasion for referring to our having "bought into a bankrupt concern"; Mr. McKenzie lamented, when the food-control bill was before the House, that we must "soon be eating potato flour . . . so that Englishmen and Frenchmen may have their white bread"; and during debate on the war-risk insurance bill Mr. Norton declared that England would be glad to see the United States "take the entire burden of this war off her hands." Innuendos like these, answered only by the generalities which every congressman is himself so used to making that they carry no meaning to him, have raised an uneasiness in the minds of those members who were ready to be made uneasy. How willingly a part of Congress can be irritated at its implied relationship with the Allies is demonstrated in the hot discussion that arose over a resolution permitting Mr. Brand Whitlock to accept a Belgian decoration. There were vigorous speeches in favor of keeping America undisguisedly democratic, and hearty applause for such warnings as Mr. Emerson's that "maybe the next one that will come in will be an application to have some American general made a lord, or something."

It is natural that there should be in Congress little attempt to give consideration to war aims, with a consequent lack of active sympathy with the Allies. Despite the criticism it has had, Congress has passed an extraordinary number of bills, and the system of conferences and committees is so organized that each bill has had to be passed an extraordinary number of times. Few congressmen, save those who have taken a leading part in the debate, have not been hard at work. Moreover, on the few occasions when some member has approached the subject of policy he has been criticized, not for an interference with the President's prerogative, but for reflecting in a personal manner upon the President's character.

Within the past week, however, the self-imposed censorship on questions of policy has seemed to be lifting. On Monday Senator Lewis declared that this was "a righteous and appropriate hour for us seriously to consider the bid that Germany has made for peace." This statement prompted Senator Phelan to assert that "when a country is at war . . . discussion of peace is out of place and probably embarrassing"; and in this objection to Senator Lewis's proposal he was supported by Mr. Lodge, Mr. Swanson, and Mr. King. Subsequently, Senator Borah demanded "a more specific program as to what we propose to attain." Thus there has been a beginning at definition of war aims, and indication of a sharp disagreement in convictions. No doubt the recent interest in an expression of views was prompted by the knowledge that the Secretary of the Treasury was about to ask further billions of Congress; and it is a more searching discussion of purposes, rather than an opposition or a great delay, that may be expected when the appropriation bills come up for consideration.

It is not, of course, the business of Congress to attempt to frame the purposes of American belligerency, and nothing in fact could be worse than an attempt to do so. The unorganized efforts of five hundred men, amateurs in the policy of their own country, and with only surface information of foreign developments, to settle the political problems of the war might have consequences damaging in the extreme. Until the prodigious supplementary estimates were submitted, the customary non-interference of Congress in matters of policy prevented the question of war purposes from becoming an issue. But in the new estimates, and in the war they imply, Congress is asked to bear responsibility for demanding of its constituents enormous sacrifice and a determination not to submit simply to escape the burden of carrying on so costly a conflict. The one event which can keep congressional discussion of war aims from becoming actively troublesome is to have those aims stated less ambiguously than the Allies have yet stated them, and so clearly that there can be no doubt of the justice in which a sacrifice is to be asked of the country.

C. M.

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Books and Things

PASCAL bids us imagine a number of men in chains, and all under sentence of death. Every day some of them are chosen, and their throats are cut in sight of the others. Those who are still alive see their own fate in that of their companions. They look one upon the other in pain and without hope, awaiting their turn. This, says Pascal, is a picture of man's predicament. The truth of this picture, from which we turn our eyes during most of the days of our life, is not so easily disregarded in the days of war. To the men at the front death may be near in time or far off. They cannot tell. But this they do know, that for each of them death is only a few inches distant.

Among all the realities of war this nearness of death is the easiest for stay-at-homes to imagine. Any one can imagine it, can imagine it almost vividly, who has known fear. There is a greater difference between our pictures of war's other realities and the things themselves—the monotony, the lack of privacy, the torn bodies, the scattered fragments of men, the rains, the mud, the noises of agony, the stench, the hopes defeated. Yet one may doubt whether our imaginings differ more widely from the realities than these realities differ to the attention and the perception of different men at the front. One soldier sees in war what a pacifist orator guesses at. Another, the author of those Lettres d'un Soldat which Miss Sergeant revealed to us, a few weeks ago, in the New Republic, trains his will and his attention until he can ignore many of the realities by which other soldiers are obsessed, until he can keep his mind, for hours together, upon beauty in the visible world, and upon doing his work.

Life at the front, to the author of those letters, was a triumph of the will, a daily and hourly effort not to hear and not to see, an equal effort to see and to do. Victor Chapman resembled this young French soldier in his love of landscape: both were brave men: the resemblance stops there. A sense of effort is the last thing you feel in reading Chapman's letters (Victor Chapman's Letters from France, with Memoir by John Jay Chapman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25). He was happier at the front than he had ever been before the war, happier as a member of the Franco-American Aviation Corps than he had been in the Foreign Legion. "Victor never really felt that he was alive," Mr. Chapman says in the Memoir, "except when he was in danger. Nothing else aroused his faculties. This was not conscious, but natal—a quality of the brain. As some people need oxygen, so Victor needed danger. . . . His pleasure was in scenery. If you could place him in a position of danger and let him watch scenery, he was in heaven. I do not think he was ever completely happy in his life till the day he got his flying papers."

Victor Chapman was killed at Verdun, on June 23, 1916, while flying over the German lines. Less than a week earlier he had been wounded, but had withstood all attempts to send him to Paris for a rest, or to a hospital. His captain, by promising him a new and better machine, persuaded him to take things easily for a few days, on each of which Chapman would fly over to a hospital, carrying oranges to a friend who lay wounded there. On the afternoon of the 23d he followed three of his companions, Captain Thenault, Prince and Lufberry, to the lines, meaning to stay only a little while and then go on to the hospital. Finding his friends outnumbered he dived among the German machines, and soon afterward his own, a Nieuport, was seen to fall. He was twenty-six years old, had been a pilot since February of the same year, and had spent a year in the trenches. "For over one hundred consecutive days," Mr. Chapman writes, "Victor was in the front trenches as aide-chargeur to a mitrail. He was slightly wounded once, and one-half of his squadron was either killed or seriously hurt." Although he knew what risks he ran, and had said, three days before his death, "Of course I shall never come out of this alive," his letters leave upon one the impression of a man who not only took danger as a matter of course, but who thought of it only when assuring his parents that there was none. "One is as safe," he writes to his father from the trenches, "as in any other walk of life. These whistling balls can be compared to microbes in the air. There are thousands, but if the proper precautions are taken one is no more imperiled than from small-pox or pneumonia. The danger was when we first arrived. No one knew the lay of the land, where it was suicidal and where not. But now every one knows the ropes." Chapman was reluctant to admit that danger was danger until it was past.

His letters express his passion for landscape, for the French countryside he could look down on, for the clouds near which he was so much at home. He had his joy in the air and in fighting. Privation did not exist to his attention. Danger was the element he breathed most easily. It is impossible not to feel, as one reads the Letters and the Memoir, that Victor Chapman was a prisoner on this earth at peace; that he escaped, exulting and grave, into war and the sky. Friends must have realized who knew him as a boy, solitary and daring and generous, with his deep melancholy and his capacity for never forgetting his dead, that whatever his fate might be it could not be commonplace. He and his mother come to life again, and will live with a tragic intensity forever, in this Memoir, where Mr. Chapman speaks of them with a passion of candor that is lonelier than any reticence.

War is not romance for most soldiers, nor fighting the satisfaction of an ideal passion. Some moment when we realize this to the exclusion of other realities, when we have forgotten the exception in the rule, when we come near denying that characters so unusual as Victor Chapman's exist in contemporary flesh and blood, that will be one of the moments to take up and reread this book, to be reminded that antique fortitude and antique contempt of death are still alive. Mr. John Jay Chapman, while in the act of putting in those life-touches which make his portrait of his son so vivid and so individual, would have us remember that Victor Chapman was only one brave man among many brave. "I have never regretted it for him," says a letter from Kiffin Rockwell, who was killed a little later, "as I know he was willing and satisfied to give his life that way if it was necessary, and that he had no fear of death, and there is nothing to fear in death." So these sailors of the air can speak, and so they feel. For them, as for those older sailors who took the Latin words for their motto, navigare necesse est, vivere non necesse. "Il ne faut pas que l'univers s'arme pour l'écraser," Pascal says of man, in one of his most famous passages. "Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau, suffit pour le tuer. Mais quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parce qu'il sait qu'il meurt; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien."

P. L.

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A Scientific Book You Must Not Miss

The History of Science. By Walter Libby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

PROFESSOR LIBBY has written one of the most effective pieces of scientific popularization it has ever been my good fortune to read; henceforth there is no one who can claim exemption from at least a bowing acquaintance with the general history of science. He writes with a simple lucidity that is often not without an eloquence of its own. He has a power of presenting clearly ideas often difficult from their inherent abstractness that has rarely been equaled save by men of genius like Huxley and Galton. He has obviously an intimate acquaintance with his subject, and he has a singular success in communicating his enthusiasm. He covers the widest possible field; yet he seems not less at home when he is dealing with the arid speculation of Vitruvius than when he discusses the refined subtleties of M. Becquerel. His book is, on the whole, conceived in admirable perspective. It has exactly the right amount of biographical material to give it the genuine touch of living personality. Again and again it has the just reference to contemporary events which shows that his preoccupation with abstract ideas has not prevented Professor Libby from realizing that the history of science is only part of the general history of civilization. If the book has a single fault, it is the relatively large amount of space that is given to Franklin. The latter, with rather more equipment in half a dozen fields than the normal man has in the one upon which he spends a lifetime, was surely in science less a fundamental figure—with which alone such a book as this must deal—than an admirable dilettante. If the book has a single omission it is an account of the reaction of science upon educational and political conceptions which has been one of the most striking changes of the last hundred years. But when such small points have been noted this remains the type of book for which the only adequate return is the expression of a deep gratitude accompanied by a speedy purchase.

One cannot help hoping that the result of it will be to focus the attention of our universities upon the possibilities of a course in the history of science. Kulturgeschichte is, of course, a subject that is out of favor at the present time, and certainly it involves stupendous difficulties. Yet they are difficulties that the splendor of the subject makes it necessary to surmount. They are difficulties which, in the surmounting, would make it evident even to the meanest mind that the ascription of culture and intellectual achievement to any single nation is an absurd impossibility. I do not know how anyone can better understand the difference between the civilization of Greece and that of Rome than by a comparison between not merely their scientific achievement but also their scientific methods. There are few better ways of grasping the multiform character of our intellectual inheritance than by an endeavor to estimate the debt we owe to Arab culture. Anyone who reads the history of Rome in relation to Galileo will have an admirable exercise in the dangers of authoritarianism. Few who study the history of the theory of evolution can fail to be impressed by the immense value of novelty in ideas. Nor must the moral splendor of such study be denied. No one can read the life of Darwin or of Pasteur, of Humphrey Davy or of Huxley, without being the better for it. Their single-minded pursuit of truth, their self-sacrifice, their infectious enthusiasm, are all of them qualities of which we fain would demand an epidemic. Anyone who wants evidence of the possibilities of coöperative endeavor has only to read the history of the Royal Society. Anyone who desires acquaintance with the meaning of imagination has only to read of Adams's contribution to the theory of stars which resulted in the discovery of Neptune. Anyone who wants proof of the reaction of science upon material life has only to read of the results of Langley's observations upon the flight of birds. Nor is it inconceivable that in the school of the future the work of Lister and of Pasteur shall have its place alongside that of Washington and of Cromwell.

The subject, in fact, affords illumination from whatever angle one chooses to observe it. How account, for example, for the production by Sweden in each of the last three centuries of one great man of science—Linnaeus, Berzelius, Arrhenius—and yet not more than one? What is the significance for the world of the fact that the English mind, while it produces in each generation some at least of the fundamental men, yet hesitates before the production of those serried ranks of second-line ability by which Germany has been distinguished in the last century? Why has science a more intimate acquaintance with democracy than letters? Why were the founders of evolutionary theory all of them liberals in political outlook? What is the relation of scientific theory to scientific practice? What is the temperamental import of scientific work? "The instinctive craving for power," says Professor Libby, "the will to dominate . . . was in these men subdued to patience, industry and philanthropy." One thinks of the beneficent possibilities in our own time of a Napoleonic mind that should bend itself to the task of industrial reorganization. Clearly, the half of life is here.

And equally clearly this volume suggests an important conclusion for those of us who are interested in the part that science should play in the educational curriculum. One who, like myself, is a passionate believer in the virtue of a classical education, is yet lamentably constrained by honesty to admit that there are those for whom a training in classics is waste of time and misdirection of energy. Yet it is at least as clear that there are many for whom the intimate processes of science will always remain an unaccountable mystery, who, if they remained all their lives in a laboratory, would still be incapable of learning the wisdom it has to teach. There is no *a priori* reason why we should waste a Porson's time upon elementary chemistry; any more than it has been predetermined that an embryonic Darwin should drink in the secrets of Greek verse. Are we not guilty here of an unnecessary dichotomy? Most of us are willing to admit that an acquaintance with the achievement of science is fully as necessary as an acquaintance with the achievement of Greece and Rome. We do not propose to neglect Newton because we read Plato, or to make a choice between Darwin and Tacitus. We are willing, even anxious, to experiment with whatever is likely to illuminate for us the mysteries of life. Surely the bridge between the two attitudes is to be found in the adequate teaching of the history of science. I do not suggest that such teaching is likely to afford the same discipline in accuracy as a course in Latin prose or the differential calculus. I do not think it would be such a training in the appreciation of the *mot juste* as can be learned from the practice of Latin and Greek verse. No one who never looks through a microscope will ever learn to understand the glories of Schaudinn and imbibe therefrom the patience

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and the accuracy which the study of science so astoundingly achieves. But if we are to be honest we have got to admit that the complexity of science to-day renders it extremely unlikely that a year of elementary physics and one of very elementary chemistry will be any more productive of an understanding of the significance of science than a year of classics will conduce to an understanding of the beauties of, say, the choruses of Sophocles or the biting brevity of Tacitus. It is here surely that the value of the history of science is apparent.

For it gives to your man of affairs, who will be a professional student of no theoretical subject, to your embryonic lawyer or statesman or manufacturer, a sense of perspective that he will not otherwise attain. He will get an impressive realization of what is meant by the scientific interpretation of phenomena far better than if, for one hurried year, he measures volumes and calculates densities, and lights a match to determine the presence of oxygen. His imagination is far more likely to be stirred by such contact than by the painful memory of chemical formulae.

That is why so many adults go to the children's Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution in London. There is evidence that at least one eminent statesman who heard Professor Turner give some admirable lectures on the stars was prepared then and there to double the endowment of the Royal Astronomical Observatory; though one may be permitted to doubt the story that after hearing Mr. Boys's famous lectures on soap-bubbles, Lord Curzon was discovered with a surreptitious bowl and pipe in the backwoods of the House of Lords. Of course it is undeniable that such a subject must be well taught if its significance is to be driven home. But that is true of any subject. It is only part of the perfectly general problem of improving the quality of teaching which depresses this, as it has depressed every other age. It would be no more difficult than the teaching of that elaborate set of unproven hypotheses and outworn descriptions we to-day call political science. I am not certain that a temporary solution is not to send Professor Libby on tour through the normal schools of this country and trust to his attraction of disciples. One is tolerably certain that he would not fail.

It is greatly to be hoped that Professor Libby will understand that we merely take his book as a mortgage on trust for a larger work. He himself confesses that what he has written are only essays on what is an inexhaustible theme. There is so much that is admirable in what he has done that we are bound to be dissatisfied until we have more. The bigger book we would demand must contain some account of the history of psychology, of the modern study of heredity, of the re-interpretation of the ancient world by means of archaeological discovery. With the lives of men like Layard, like Champollion, like Galton to tell, there would be no lack of inspiring material. We want a chapter on the significance of geographical discovery, that should relate things like polar exploration to the advance of science. The man who has the record of Captain Scott's last and most glorious expedition to write has an enviable opportunity in his hands. It ought to be—as Professor Libby realizes—amply illustrated, and even more ample in its documentation. We want diagrams of apparatus, and portraits of the men we are to venerate. The educational possibilities made apparent by this book are so vast that it is a high public service that has been performed by the writing of it. But even more earnest than our gratitude is our prayer for its successor.

H. J. L.

Dividing Turkey

Turkey and The War, by Vladimir Jabotinsky. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Six shillings.

S. S. McCLURE recently said, "I went to Europe to find the 'nigger in the wood-pile' of this war, and I found it in Asiatic Turkey." M. Jabotinsky would agree in toto to this unconventional explanation of the "cause" of the war. The weakness and inefficiency of Turkey were a constant temptation to the Powers—the Balkan states becoming just pawns in that bigger game of near eastern exploitation. Until the question of Turkey is finally settled, according to M. Jabotinsky, durable peace is not to be even considered. "If this war leaves Turkey undivided," he writes, "a new war of the same size will follow sooner or later, with the inevitability of the tide."

Observe the word "undivided." For M. Jabotinsky pins no faith on a self-controlled, self-directed or stable Ottoman kingdom. In his lucid and somewhat cynical book, brilliant in its exposition, he discloses the salient defect of Turkish rule, or rather of the Young Turks' rule. That failure springs from no inherent viciousness or cruelty in the Turkish character, for which M. Jabotinsky has an honest admiration and liking. It comes from a false theory of nationality. The Old Turks could show something which resembled an undivided Ottoman kingdom to the world by the simple process of not meddling in the language or customs or religion of the subject races. Although all real political power was denied them, the subject races had something more than a shadowy local autonomy. But the Young Turks derived their notions of unification from France—the Turkish revolution was planned in Paris—and thought that the drawing together of France which took place after Napoleon could be copied in Turkey, without changing a detail. They denied the patent fact of different nationalities. Everybody was to become a Turk—Greek, Armenian, Jew, Arab, Syrian. In return these peoples were to be given the doubtful privilege of sending representatives to the Turkish parliament and "constitution" became the shibboleth of the fanatics. In other words the formula of the Old Turks, "Don't meddle in our affairs and we won't meddle in yours," was completely reversed to "You *must* meddle in our affairs (politics) and we *will* meddle in yours (religion, language, etc.)."

The result of this blend of ideological politics and ignorance was bound to be chaos. Since the war the desolate shores of Lake Van, where the cold-blooded massacres of Armenians took place, show what the Young Turks' notion of nationality *à l'outrance* really means. M. Jabotinsky sees no hope in an internal reform. The cancer of industrial sluggishness and political impotence is too malignant. Either Turkey must be completely dismembered at the close of this war or before another twenty years the great Powers will be quarreling over her again. M. Jabotinsky does not even discuss "neutralization"; he strives to outline that kind of partition of Turkey which would result for all the powers in what H. N. Brailsford has so aptly termed a "peace by satisfaction." When the appetites of the great empires are equally satiated then and not until then can international organization be properly discussed. If this seems the tone of false realism of the old "balance of power" advocates, it is only fair to the author to say that he strives not so much for a new balance of power as for the composing of those differences which in past cen-

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turies made the creation of a balance of power possible.

What is the division he proposes? Briefly this: the Straits, Constantinople and Armenia to Russia; Syria to France; Palestine to England; Anatolia to what is to constitute an independent Turkish kingdom; the Hedjaz and the Yemen to independent Arabian states; Mesopotamia to be under a protectorate. The discussion of Arabian claims for separate nationality is illuminating. The Arabs of Arabia and the Arabs of Africa have differences in culture and speech which make the formation of a single Arabian nation stretching from Tunis and Algiers across Egypt to the Persian Gulf a mere dream of a future that the European Powers will never permit to arrive. Here, at any rate, the principle of small nationalities runs contrary to all European self-interest. M. Jabotinsky hints that at the Paris Conference France put in a strong bid for Palestine as well as Syria. Thus he practically admits that Russia, with her orthodox Greek church, could not consider the proposal of allowing the French Roman Catholic clergy the guardianship of the Holy places! England, although hardly wishing it for any gain to herself, consented to take over Palestine, consoling herself that at the worst here was another protection to the Suez. Germany's and Austria's Drang nach Osten will be allowed for by giving them practical commercial hegemony over Anatolia—the new, shrunken Turkey, her ally. M. Jabotinsky is naïve enough to believe that this concession will satisfy their energy. That Germany might consider Russian possession of the Straits as bitter a check to her ambitions in the east as Russia feels Turkish possession of the Straits a check to her ambitions for world-trade does not seem to have occurred to M. Jabotinsky. Except for this partisan blindness, the recommendations of the splitting up of lower Turkey seem plausible.

Let no one imagine that "annexation" of this kind necessarily means any great increment of wealth or power to the annexing state. It is rather a concession to the world's peace. Often enough would a great Power waive its whole colonial problems if it could. The burden and worry are far more costly than any increase in doubtful trade could possibly compensate. But empires, like nature, abhor a vacuum. Weak and unexploited territories must succumb in time to somebody. M. Jabotinsky merely points out the most graceful way for Turkey to expire. He is frank in saying that the Allies could wish Germany no more ill luck at the close of the war than by giving her the whole of Turkey to exploit. It would be a hornet's nest. Sooner or later Turkey would again embroil Germany in a quarrel with other powers. What will be the final outcome only the military situation at the close of the war can determine. Certainly M. Jabotinsky has not given the Central Powers' Drang nach Osten an equal position with the claims of the Allies. But his very difficulty in doing so illustrates more vividly than a thousand stock idealistic arguments this fundamental truth—that unless a more decent international organization emerges from this war, an organization in which large claims can be peaceably adjudicated, it will be fought all over again. This book sharply reveals the folly of our working for a mere cheap militaristic "victory" over Germany without constantly keeping in mind the larger ends of international organization for which our war is supposedly being fought. That will be our real failure, and no less a failure if Hindenburg should pass over his sword to Pershing on the streets of Berlin.

H. S.

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THE QUALITY IS PROVERBIAL

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A Romantic Ironist

The Created Legend, by Feodor Sologub. Translated by John Cournos, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35.

THE literary method of romantic irony, which Rousseau, with his curious oscillation between a lyrical passage and a page of Zolaesque detail, made almost a French tradition, seems to be singularly attractive to many of the later Russians. This is certainly the case with Artzibasheff. With Sologub, who has heretofore been known to English readers by that one amazing book The Little Demon, this method goes much further than a mere trick of stylistic contrast between ugliness and beauty. The whole texture of this novel is symbolic to a degree which is at first irritating and foreign. There is a certain aspect wherein the outer chaos of life is presented in the conventional fashion of mere naturalistic description. Parallel to this, however, runs a counter-existence, what is called "the inner vision." This "inner vision" is the picture which the hero of the book, the poet Trirodov, makes for himself and which is a symbol of the true and happy life which will come to Russia when she breaks through the shackles which have bound her. Elisaveta, the heroine, stands as the symbol of Russian Revolution—with a nudity and boldness that seem more the creative vision of the sculptor than the writer. The emotional background is the so-called "abortive revolution" of 1905, out of which the hero, freeing himself from the Goddess of Chance (Aisa), and entering into the Kingdom of the Goddess of Necessity (Ananké),

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erects his utopia or his legend. Perhaps the Russian title to the series, of which this is the first book, meaning "the legend in the course of creation," is more illuminating than any over-exact analysis of Sologub's strange symbols. So, too, is the original title of this specific book, Drops of Blood, the phrase occurring again and again in the book as a symbol of the problem of cruelty in life.

The skeleton of Sologub's fable is comparatively simple. To the small village where lives the bourgeois or open-minded family of Elisaveta comes the poet Trirodov to found his school. At this school the instructresses and the children play and study and work in an atmosphere of freedom and joy sharply contrasted with the greasy and ill smelling public schools and the dirty factory section of the town. The children are ruddy and strong and brown; they are independent, intelligent, naïve about the problem of good and evil. The life of this school stands for the symbol of the utopia the free Russia will make possible for every one. There is considerable emphasis on the beauty of the human body. Page after page is devoted to "chaste" nakedness. Sologub of course merely used this as a means of retaliation on the prigs. For in this strange colony of Trirodov's are the "quiet ones"; children of fantasy who summon the dead on St. John's eve. The living flesh becomes the sign of beauty, the inner freedom, the legend. Nudity becomes almost synonymous with paradise.

Although in moods of Platonic reminiscence Elisaveta occasionally remembers that she was once the Queen of Ortruda, on some beautiful island in the Mediterranean, she is as a whole more realistically described than the hero. She has the passionate convictions which make revolution possible, the eagerness for truth, for life and for honesty. There is a fine imaginative depiction of all the rebellious elements in Russian life—the extreme radicals, the extreme and moderate socialists, the social democrats, the constitutional democrats or cadets, the secret police, the *agents provocateurs,* the cossacks, and the aristocracy. Elisaveta, of course, throws in her lot with the radicals, together with Trirodov. She attends secret meetings and gives speeches with all the fervor of young conviction. Even if Sologub angrily denies that he writes just an ordinary love story, Elisaveta's history is only the history of any imperious, passionate young girl. Yet if towards the end Trirodov accepts her affection rather coldly, the conclusion is not the expected conclusion. "But Elisaveta, musing and burning, was experiencing passionate dreams; and she felt the tediousness of the gray monotony of her dull life. The strange vision suddenly appearing to her in those terrible moments in the wood repeated itself persistently—and it seemed to her that it was not another but she herself who was experiencing a parallel life, that she was passing the exultantly bright and joyous and sad way of Queen Ortruda."

The original exasperation of what seems merely fortuitous and clumsy symbolism ceases to be vexing, and finally becomes provocative. The fantasy is not employed just for the sake of being fantastic, but to express those more elusive nuances of insight for which the merely realistic method is inadequate. Symbols, dreams, the queer nightmarish transpositions from one mood to another, are Sologub's effort to catch the flying fringes of truth. They correspond to the rows of dots in an early Wells novel. They point clearly and sharply to the baulked dispositions of a typical genius. Intensity, which becomes almost a fixation of impulse in the Dostoevsky novel, here escapes from what one might call its own excess of introspection. Serving thus as a kind of literary release from his neurasthenic and discordant philosophy, these phantasmagorias allow Sologub to set his picture of Russian life in softer and gentler and more moving outlines than he might have sketched had they been denied him. The result is amazing in its vividness and verve and color. Nearly all the major characters, except when Sologub describes their loves and passions and nakedness, of which he never tires, have something of the unreality of legendary figures, but the minor characters stand out with memorable clearness. So also does Russia itself, in the queer blend of cruelty and beauty which then constituted its emotional life. Some will say, with the police captain of the story, that Sologub writes every-day pornography, masquerading under high sounding names. But even those who make such a foolish judgment will discover that Sologub did create a picture of Russia and Russian life, the outlines of which not even time can soften or cause to fade.

H. S.

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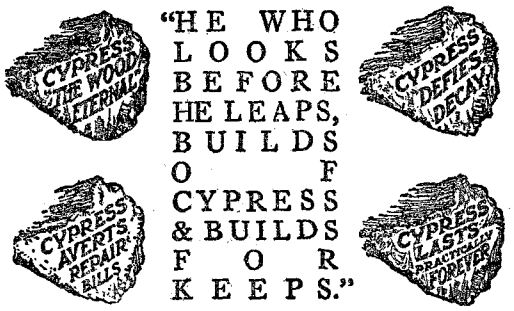
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